Liberty

JUNE 1948 TEN CENTS

ARE AMERICANS AFRAID TO FIGHT?

Starting this issue: HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME MORE LIVABLE AT LOW COST

Only a dollar

Yet this Luxury Styled

ROLLIT

gives you the SMOOTHEST,

EASIEST,

CLEAREST WRITING EVER KNOWN

The world's first neverskip ball pen brings you sensational writing advancements found in no other pen—even at fifteen times *ROLLIT'S* dollar price.

3 Second Refill

Only ROLLIT has it. Press pocket clip—Presto! Old refill slides out—into your hand. Slide in new refill *thru the tip* without taking pen apart!

Color Convertible

Change ink color quick as a flash. To do it, simply switch refills!

Ink Lasts Longer

ROLLIT REFILLS are as long as the pen! *Far more ink*—it's super brilliant *Rollachrome. RED, BLUE* or *GREEN*—35c each. Three for $1.00.

Action Poised

No cap to remove. Thumb down—point's out! Thumb up—point's in—way in! *Can't smudge purse or pocket.*

ROLLIT'S policy of *most pen for a dollar—not most dollars for a pen*—gives you the world's finest dollar writing instrument. A *ROLLIT* fact proved by millions. Prove it yourself—at better pen counters everywhere.

ROLLIT

the pen you're proud to own or give **$1.00**

Any repairs, any time 35c
Mail pen to factory—48 hour service
DIVERSEY MACHINE WORKS, Inc., Chicago 7

Are you in the know?

Can "toothpick" pegs gain beach allure, via —

- ☐ *Gooey sundaes*
- ☐ *Bicycling*
- ☐ *Scanty swim suits*

Try this for thighs—(and pegs, too) that aren't so fully packed: Mooch a bicycle. Pedal like mad, daily, to build up underdeveloped leg muscles. Meanwhile, a discreet dressmaker bathing suit will help keep 'em beach-worthy. It's a good style for your particular problem. And here's a good thought for problem days: Kotex comes in *3 sizes*—giving you a choice of Regular, Junior and Super. So, there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for *you*.

Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ *Affectionate*
- ☐ *Affected*
- ☐ *A femme to follow*

Since smooching won't improve her rating, a gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep saying "See?" . . . "I mean." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you *rah*-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. With that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex for *extra* protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence!

How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ *Trek to the big city*
- ☐ *Take a charm course*
- ☐ *Find out if you're qualified*

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Good training. Tells if you're qualified. On "those" days, comfort *counts*. Not 'til you've tried *new* Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that *holds its shape*. It's utter—this napkin, made to *stay* soft while you wear it.

When can a girl ask for a date?

☐ *But never* ☐ *In Twirp Season* ☐ *How desperate can you get*

A miss *can* stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means The Woman Is Requested to Pay.

At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help *so* many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*T M REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ *De-fuzz your gams*
- ☐ *Make with the mouthwash*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

No doubt your breath's above reproach . . . your pegs are satin-smooth. Okay. Well, isn't there something you *didn't* remember—like buying a new sanitary belt? That's what most girls forget; keep putting off "till next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex* Belt!

You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You get such snug, comfortable fit with a *Kotex* Belt for it's all-elastic; adjustable . . . doesn't bind!

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

"Why must you destroy everyone who helps you?"

MONEY.. ..POWER WERE HIS GODS!

PRODUCING ARTISTS, INC. presents

ZACHARY SCOTT · LOUIS HAYWARD

DIANA LYNN · SYDNEY GREENSTREET

LUCILLE BREMER · MARTHA VICKERS

"RUTHLESS"

with Dennis Hoey · Edith Barrett · Raymond Burr

Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER

Screenplay by S. K. Lauren and Gordon Kahn

Based on the Novel "Prelude to Night" by Dayton Stoddart

An EAGLE LION FILMS Release

Produced by ARTHUR S. LYONS

Liberty ★ CONTENTS ★

THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT, FICTION, AND PICTURES

Franklin S. Forsberg, *Publisher;* David Brown, *Editor;* Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor;* Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director;* Stacy V. Jones, *Washington;* Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood;* John B. Danby, *Associate Editor;* Elsie Christie, *Books;* Beulah Karney, *Food;* Otto Kurth, *Art Associate;* Lawrence Lariar, *Cartoons;* Gertrude Wilkinson, *Home Editor;* Nanette Kutner, *Contributing Editor*

ARTICLES

Are Americans Afraid to Fight?.....*William Bradford Huie* 11
Trade Those Boys.....*George Armstrong* 14
What I Really Think of Hollywood....*Rep. J. Parnell Thomas* 18
Maker of Swimming Champions.....*Blake Clark* 22
They Only Miss Once.....*Lee Rogow* 26
The Man Who Doesn't Want to Be President....*Alden Hatch* 30
The Talking Canary.....*Elizabeth Wilson* 34

STORIES

Mr. Mudgett to the Rescue.....*Crawford Sullivan* 12
Poets Are Sometimes Practical.....*Carl D. Halbak* 16
The Life of Sammy Hogarth—Short Short.....*Ernest Lehman* 20
In the Newspapers.....*Thyra Samter Winslow* 24
The Man with My Face—Part V.....*Samuel W. Taylor* 28

HOME

Remake That Living Room, 52; Remake That Bedroom, 54; To Make Your Summer Easier, 56; Food Men Like, 58; A House Where Everything Works, 60

BOOK CONDENSATION

That Winter.....*Merle Miller* 35

FEATURES

Vox Pop..... 6
Shananagram..... 7
Washington *Stacy V. Jones* 8
Movies...*Elizabeth Wilson* 32
Crossword Puzzle..... 64
Records...*Paul Whiteman* 69

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THE JULY ISSUE WILL APPEAR WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

■ Note the added pages and editorial features in this issue. We think you will like the practical down-to-earth approach of our ten pages of home-interest in this issue. No chi-chi, no gadgets, no elaborate ideas that are not workable. Here is reliable, expert counsel on the things you want and need for a home. We even tell you prices and brand names because we feel omitting such information is an editorial disservice. Please write us and tell us how you like this new home section and whether you are getting the information you desire.

This new feature is edited by Gertrude Wilkinson, long an authority and writer on homemaking. With Gertrude Wilkinson on the homemaking front, Beulah Karney on the chow line, and Nanette Kutner, Liberty's new contributing editor, looking out for articles of major interest to women, this magazine will have the greatest family appeal of any book we know. All the man-interest content will remain, of course—sports, politics, business, and articles about women!

■ A Liberty article that is certain to cause wide comment is William Bradford Huie's ARE AMERICANS AFRAID TO FIGHT? (page 11). Mr. Huie is not writing off the cuff when he writes of cowardice in battle. He was in the Normandy invasion as a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Sea Bees. He covered Okinawa and other Pacific campaigns as a combat correspondent. He is, moreover, a trained reporter, having started as a newspaperman on the Birmingham Post. He later became an editor of the vigorous, bold American Mercury, which made a fetish of fusses.

■ Watch for more news about remaking your home at low cost in July Liberty, of interest to men as well as women. The book condensation is Maritta Wolff's novel ABOUT LYDDY THOMAS. All in all, the July issue stacks up as perfect summer reading, with entertainment, information, and inspiration. Hope to see you all next month.—*D. B.*

Pardner....These are BEANS!

Hale and hearty Heinz Beans are the *real* thing—mealy, mellow, mouth-watering—American as a rodeo! Heinz oven-bakes 'em—drenches them in a spicy, crimson sauce of "Aristocrat" tomatoes! Here's a low-cost dish so nourishing and delicious it's a meal in itself!

Cowpuncher Beans

Pan-fry ham steaks. Open a can of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Add 1 teaspoon chili powder. Heat until bubbly hot. Serve ham steaks topped with beans and garnished with pickles (Heinz Fresh Cucumber) and tomato slices. Yippee!

57

They're Oven-Baked

Heinz Beans

3 KINDS... vegetarian—with pork—Boston-style

New Revolution in Hearing Aids!

The new Zenith "75" comes to you by mail! No "fitting," no sales pressure. Hear better or Zenith will refund your money in full!

NEW Zenith "75"

THE HEARING AID THAT NEEDS NO "FITTING"

THOUSANDS who have hesitated to try a hearing aid are ordering this new type of instrument that needs no "fitting," therefore can be delivered to your home by mail—no embarrassing visits to salesrooms, no salesman to high-pressure you! And you don't risk a penny, because you get this utterly new kind of money-back guarantee:

Wear the Zenith "75" at home, at work, anywhere. Compare its *quality, performance, operating* economy (less than 1c per hour battery cost) with that of *any* other hearing aid. If the Zenith "75" does not excel on *all* counts . . . if it isn't better than you ever dreamed *any* hearing aid could be . . . return it within 10 days of receipt and Zenith will refund your money in full.

SAVES YOU OVER $100, TOO!

Because it comes to you by mail, the Zenith "75" also saves you over $100. If its price had to include "fitting," middlemen's profits and high sales commissions, this top quality hearing aid would have to sell for $195, instead of $75. So do as tens of thousands have already done. Order your Zenith "75" and find new happiness, new zest for living. You owe it to your family, friends and business associates. Use coupon below.

BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ZENITH RADIOS

Look only to your doctor for advice on your ears and hearing.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE

----MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY----

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. LY68
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

☐ I enclose check or money order for $75* for one Zenith "75" Hearing Aid. Unless I am completely satisfied and find the Zenith "75" superior to any other hearing aid, I may return it within ten days of receipt and get my money back in full.

*Plus tax of $1.50 in Illinois or New York City; $1.88 in Cal., except Los Angeles, $2.25.

☐ Please send me free descriptive literature.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Watch Your Hair, Sampson

SAMPSON, N. Y.—On your article about Loyola College in your March issue, we feel that we must make this comment. It seems that the co-eds at Loyola find campus life pleasant, being outnumbered by seven

to one. The unmarried co-eds here at Sampson College are outnumbered by 1,250 to 1. What other school can equal these odds?—*Lester M. Sebel, Paul M. Elkin, Irving J. Kaplan, Carl L. Redler, Harry R. Higgins.*

Everybody's Saying So

MEMPHIS, TENN.—The book condensation, A Guide to Confident Living, by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, is fine. Finer is the fact that Liberty Magazine published it, at a time when the printing presses of the country and the various book clubs are turning out so much printed matter of what used to be called the "trashy" variety. Thank you.—*J. P. Brown.*

American Spirit

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—A lot of folks seem to be worrying or wondering about the President's sincerity in his stand or fight for the Civil Rights Bill. We of the Negro race like the gesture—sincere or not.

So far as solving the Negro problem goes, we, through long, hard years of struggling, patience, and perseverance, are solving it ourselves. But we admire and appreciate the spirit and co-operation of the majority of the thinking people of our great nation and the world.

We are tired of the tape-line route,
We want to make it speedy
And be recognized now as free men;
Yes, Americans, indeedy!
—*Johnnye M. Washington.*

Tip for Fans

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Delighted to note that you are publishing a condensation of Francis Sill Wickware's excellent novel, Tuesday to Bed.

You will be interested to know that Tuesday to Bed has been purchased by the Enterprise Studios, producers of Arch of Triumph and Body and Soul, and is slated for production at Enterprise this year. Best wishes.—*Frederick N. Polangin, Eastern Publicity Director.*

What, Never?

MARTIN, MICH.—In the Just Between Ourselves column of the April issue you say, "There will be those readers who wonder how Eddie Cantor (No Pockets in Shrouds) became a writer." You were never more right.

In my 15 years in the ministry I have been up against the situation that faced the Reverend Higgins in the story and can see possibilities of a story, but I think Eddie Cantor has "missed the boat."

But oh, that man Taylor with his Man with My Face! He's got me asking for Liberty with more zest than Patrick Henry!—*Robert G. Geiger.*

Wooden Horse Man

OROVILLE, CALIF.—In Representative Edward H. Jenison's article (April) Why Dewey Can't Be Nominated, he presents some figures that may be correct. However, I wish someone would write an article on Why Taft Can't Be Nominated.

I will vote for anyone the Republicans nominate except Taft. I will vote for a dark horse even if made out of wood. I am just one of the old-fashioned gang that still believe in the Four Freedoms.—*Chas. Johnson.*

Bull's-eye by Beulah

NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS—I have been a reader of Liberty for years. You have recently added many interesting features.

Both my wife and I especially enjoy the articles by your food edi-

tor, Beulah Karney. The articles are presented so attractively. Her Old Bean Man and her "Brother Everett and herself" read well.—*Andrew W. Hunt.*

This Makes Us Happy

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Congratulations on the new, more easily read make-up of the April book condensation section.

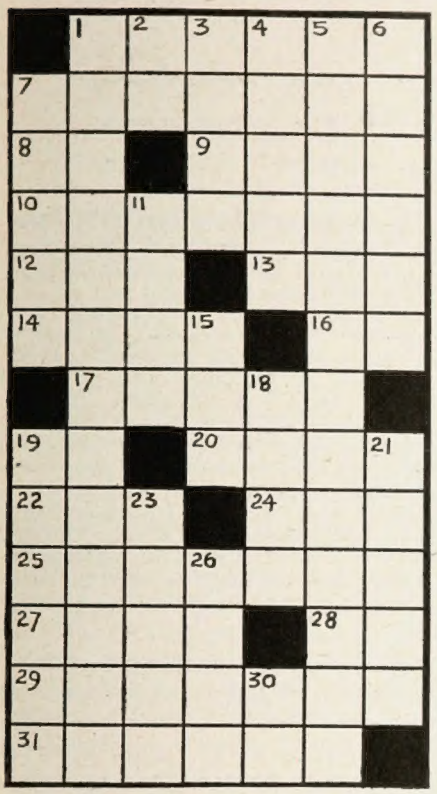
I'm nursing in T.B. section of S. F. Hospital. If you've ever been in bed long and tried to read a magazine, you know what I mean—my patients can read this issue with less effort, which is all-important in saving the energy of the T.B. patient.

Nurses get tired, too. I also love to read in bed. Thank you!—*Jess R. Heisler, R.N.*

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE



ACROSS

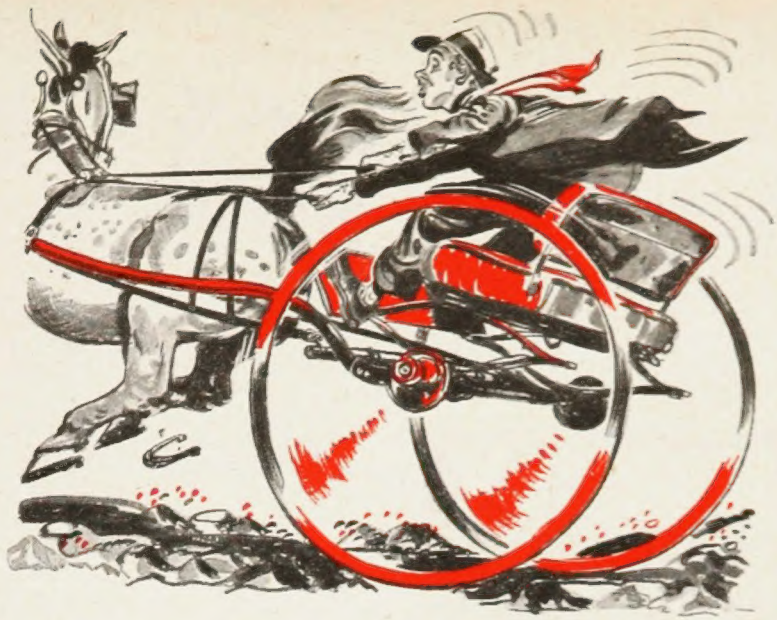
1 **Sal, I'm** a bologna with B.O.
7 **Ted rips** glamor pants design
8 Kind of man
9 Party **feet,** pretty gay
10 Italy, **retire** a colony!
12 He with lead in pants is often what, according to Confucius?
13 Person matriculating for Alcoholics Anonymous
14 What he was knocked for at **polo**
16 **Er**–concerning–
17 Is **Lopat** Greek philosopher?
19 Kind of Hon.
20 Anita **Loos** sings alone
22 Kind of African lander
24 Name the most patient man in the Bible
25 Meanie **roc goes** to Dickens
27 The dirt on **Lois**
28 **Si** exists
29 **Scene in** best smeller (it makes scents!)
31 **A tank's** filled disdainfully

DOWN

1 **See topics torn, see topics torn**
2 Pertaining to (suffix)
3 What do the British call the **flit**-up?
4 **Spear** imitators who monkey around
5 **I log meteors** to the weatherman
6 **Aie, Ted,** form an idea (if possible)
7 **Hell's** a hollow mockery
11 50, 1, 500, and O add up to Mr. Somebody
15 Jitter of the French bug
18 **Jot a zero** after a war criminal
19 **U. S. airs** complaints against Iron Curtain Mfr.
21 **Bees** have **nothing** but fat
23 "Down one" refers to a what in bridge?
26 What would Olive be called in Latin?
30 Twin nasals

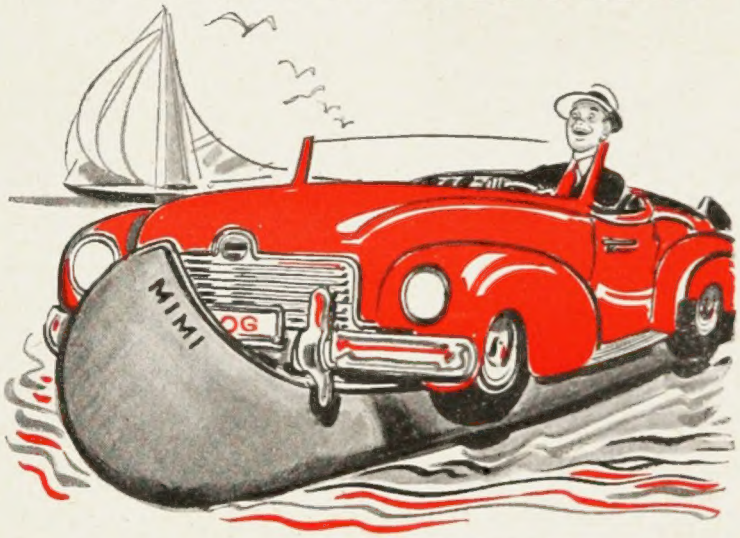
P	A	C	K	E	R	S
S	T	A	I	R	■	Y
Y	E	L	L	O	W	S
C	■	I	N	S	E	T
H	O	B	S	■	A	E
O	P	E	■	A	R	M
L	E	R	■	V	I	A
O	R	S	■	I	N	T
G	A	■	M	A	G	I
I	N	G	O	T	■	S
S	T	E	R	I	L	E
T	■	A	M	O	U	R
S	A	R	O	N	G	S

May Answer



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

You want lubrication that does its stuff — not for just a couple of hundred miles — but for 1,000 miles and more. That calls for tougher, longer-lasting *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication. It really sticks to bearings and wear points. You can *feel* it in the cushiony way your car rides and the easy way it handles. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your nearby Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had, for *Marfak* Lubrication.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

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Now you can have *positive*, split-second emergency stops . . . smoother, easier slow downs and stops under any driving conditions with the new Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Control.

A Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Control in your car or truck produces an amazing increase in overall braking efficiency — almost doubles the actual hydraulic braking pressure when you step on your brakes.

GRIZZLY

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BRAKE CONTROL

GIVES YOU

- GREATER DRIVING SAFETY — extra braking pressure for quick, sure emergency stops!
- GREATER DRIVING COMFORT — smoother stops, less brake "grabbing" through equal brake application!
- LONGER BRAKE LIFE — equal pressure at all four wheels means less brake lining wear!
- LESS SKIDDING — simultaneous four-wheel brake application decreases wheel locking and consequent dangerous skidding!
- LONG DEPENDABILITY — all working parts move in hydraulic fluid — assuring long, uninterrupted service.

Yes, all those important advantages are yours the minute you install a Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Control in your car or truck. Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Controls are available for all makes of passenger cars and 1/2, 3/4 and 1 ton trucks.

Ask your Car Dealer, Repair Shop or Brake Service Station about the Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Control today! *Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.*

NOTE: If your dealer can't supply, send $16.50 to Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio. Specify make and year of car. Your Grizzly Hydraulic Brake Control will be sent postpaid — complete with fittings and instructions for installation. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Bear in Mind . . . ask for

GRIZZLY

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Liberty

★ WASHINGTON ★

A new kind of Washington column. Practical information of interest and value to you and your family—and no politics

Best Sellers at a Dime • If you want to know what to do till the carpenter comes, you can get an illustrated 120-page manual, Care and Repair of the House, for 20 cents. It was prepared by experts of the Bureau of Standards and is one of the best sellers among the 70,000 titles offered by the Division of Public Documents, which serves as bookstore of the Government Printing Office, the world's largest publishing house.

Scores of other aids to the home owner cost from a nickel to a quarter. For instance, Fireplaces and Chimneys, Farmers' Bulletin No. 1889, a slick-paper booklet of more than 50 pages, comes at 15 cents. For the man who wants to strike out for himself there is Establishing and Operating Your Own Business, at 10 cents, with forty companion pamphlets on specific enterprises priced from a dime to 45 cents.

Fred W. Cromwell, the Superintendent of Documents, gets 10,000 orders a day, and fills them as fast as he can from his stock of 30,000,000 copies.

Naturally there isn't any one catalogue available listing all 70,000 titles, but your public library probably has a set of price lists arranged by subject, such as Suburbanites & Home Builders, Health, Farm Management, Forestry, Insects, and Plants, as well as monthly lists of new items. If you're not near a library, and don't know what list to ask for, you can get a *list of lists*, and start from there. The lists are all free; the publications all cost something.

For mail orders, the 1,000 titles for which there is most demand are concentrated in one shipping room. Half the orders reaching this room go out the same day, and the others as soon as possible. You'll get quickest service by using one of the order blanks furnished with the lists. Address Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C.

County Agent • If you're a suburbanite and have garden problems, don't write the Department of Agriculture. You probably live in one of the 3,000 rural counties that have county agents, and the agent is your man. You'll probably find him in the county seat telephone book, under U. S. Gov't. Most likely he has an office in the courthouse.

The Agriculture Department receives a million requests for information a year, and is weeks behind on its mail. By the time you get the bulletin on Japanese beetles you asked for, your garden may be stripped. The county agent represents the combined agricultural wisdom of the nation, state, and neighborhood. He has data not only from Washington but from the state experiment station, and has met your local pests face to face. A telephone call to him may solve your problem.

Homesteading, 1948 Style • Maybe your grandfather was in the land rush to Oklahoma's Cherokee Strip in 1893 and you've been wondering whether you, yourself, can homestead. Well, you can join the land rush, but it's different nowadays.

Instead of madly galloping across the prairie, shooting "sooners" and fighting off rival claimants, you file papers from wherever you happen to be. These are scanned by local boards of farmers and veterans to eliminate applicants whose health, experience, and capital don't promise success. Then somebody's pretty daughter selects the winners by pulling numbers out of a bowl.

Reclamation in 17 western states will supply water and open to homesteaders 100,000 irrigated farms in the next few years. The Columbia Basin Project alone will make a million acres available eventually. But these things move slowly, and fewer than 500 farm units are scheduled to be opened this year. Veterans of World War II have a 90-day preference, and their war service counts, up to two years, toward the three-year residence required to establish ownership. Half the land must be cropped and under irrigation before patent is obtained.

If you want to follow openings, select the region you're interested in and write the regional director to put you on his list. For a map of the regions and a list of the regional offices, write Commissioner, Bureau of Rec-

BY STACY V. JONES
Liberty's Washington Editor

lamation, Washington 25, D. C.

Two openings of homesteads in Wyoming will probably be made in June: 140 farm units, totaling 14,150 acres, on the Shoshone Project, and 70 farm units, totaling 6,980 acres, on the Riverton Project. For definite information, write U. S. Reclamation Director, Region VI, P. O. Box 2130, Billings, Montana.

In September the bureau expects to open 95 farms, totaling 7,728 acres, in the Tule Lake division. Address U. S. Reclamation Director, Region II, Old Post Office Building, Sacramento 14, California.

A smaller opening, of 16 farms, totaling 700 acres, in the Yakima area, the famous fruit-growing section of Washington State, is scheduled for December. Address U. S. Reclamation Director, Region I, P. O. Box 937, Boise, Idaho.

Behind the Scenes with the F.B.I. • Surprising as it may sound, you can tour the super-secret F.B.I. headquarters the next time you visit Washington. Tours are run every half hour during the travel season, with lectures by earnest young F.B.I. clerks who aspire to be special agents.

The hour's program includes displays of guns used by notorious gangs, an exposition of fingerprint methods, a visit to the target range (an agent will riddle a man-sized target for you, shooting with his right or left hand or looking in a mirror); a trip through the laboratories where firearms, paint, glass, hair, fibers, blood, and poisons are identified; and an explanation of tire-print, bad-check and handwriting detection. But you can't talk to Director J. Edgar Hoover. He's busy.

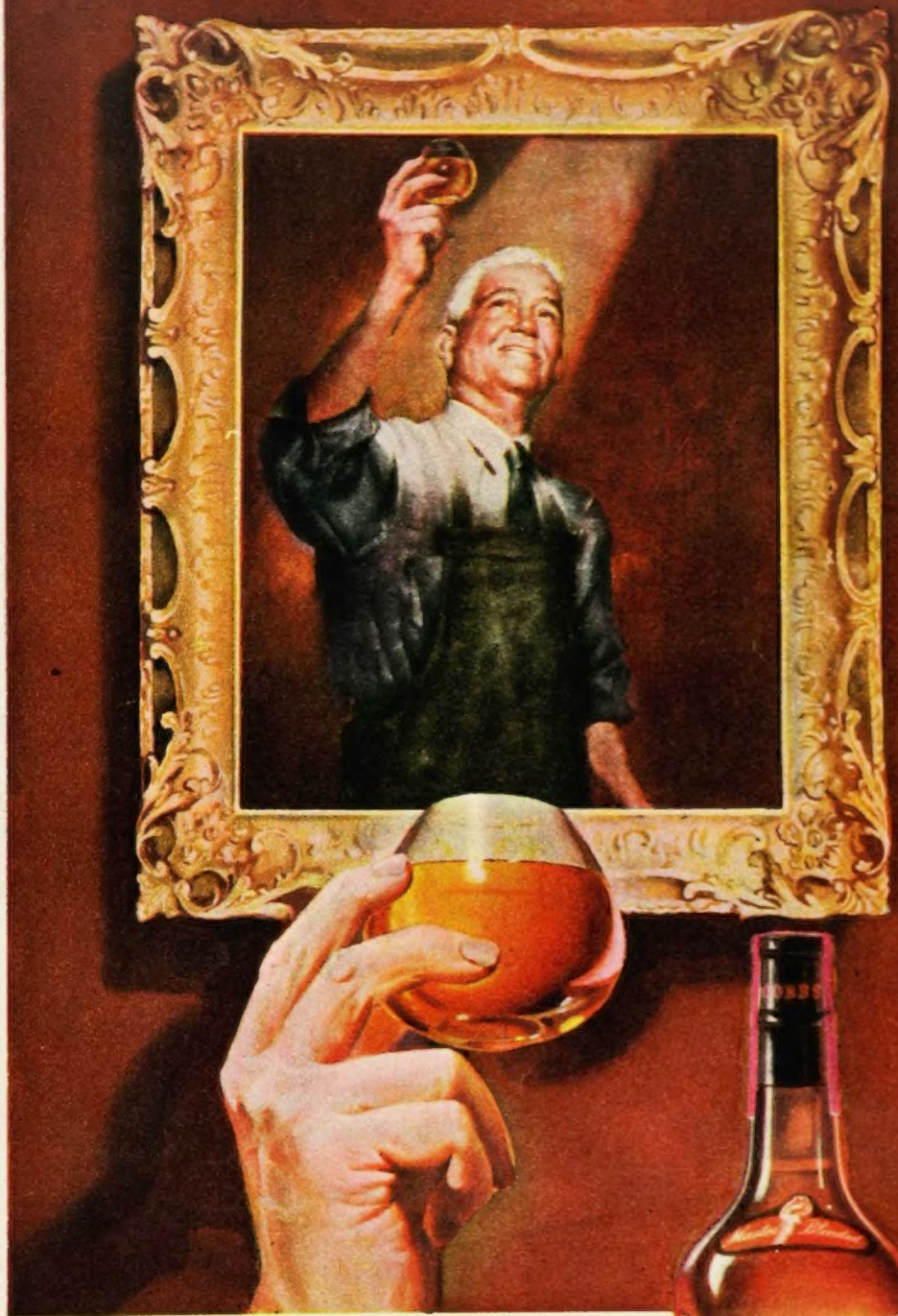
Hoover's idea is to impress the public, particularly youngsters, with the certainty of detection and the fallacy of crime. Underworld figures are deglamorized, and shown to be either dead or in jail. Baby Face Nelson and Pretty Boy Floyd are pictured as they were, neither innocent nor handsome, and certainly not heroes.

The F.B.I. conducts its crime-prevention campaign in your home state too. The agent in charge of each of the 51 field offices is a qualified speaker, and willingly appears before church and civic groups.

Address Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington 25, D. C.

COBBS

The Master Blend



MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Here's whisky mildness to please your palate . . . here's smoothness that tells of master blending in every rich sip. COBBS gives you more for your money . . . better whisky at a rock bottom price.

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD.
27½% STRAIGHT WHISKY • 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

BLENDED WHISKY • 86 PROOF
Cobbs Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOW HE WEARS his blue suit proudly . . . and he's thrown his whisk broom away. For a long time it was brush . . . brush . . . brush to remove those telltale flakes and scales of infectious dandruff. Then he read about Listerine Antiseptic and started using it regularly, with massage.

And, Bro-ther, what a difference! Those distressing flakes and scales began to disappear like snow before the sun. His scalp felt wonderfully cool, fresh and healthy, and his hair looked the way it used to look.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If you have ugly flakes and scales better get started quick with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. The flakes and scales may mean infectious dandruff. If they do, Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with germicidal action; kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

You simply douse it, full strength, then follow through with a vigorous massage. No messy salves. No smelly lotions. No fuss. No bother.

Make it a "Must" Every Week!

If you are smart, you won't wait until infectious dandruff gets a "head start"; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing routine. It's a healthful precautionary measure that may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF? Quick!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—

The "Bottle Bacillus" (PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

In World War II four million physically fit Americans wouldn't or couldn't fight. If another war comes, that figure will be higher

ARE AMERICANS AFRAID TO FIGHT?

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

■ The postwar period has ended; the prewar period has begun. Yet in all the discussion about how to prepare for probable war, our military leaders have hesitated to voice their deepest concern; they have failed to cry out the gravest threat to our national existence.

They have expressed concern over our declining armament; but, for fear of offending us, they have hesitated to express their real concern: the apparent decline in the "offensive spirit" of American men.

They have pleaded for Universal Military Training, but they have neglected to explain the real reason why they want it: they are worried about the decline in the "combative tendencies" of Americans, and they want a chance to indoctrinate our young men with the "will to fight."

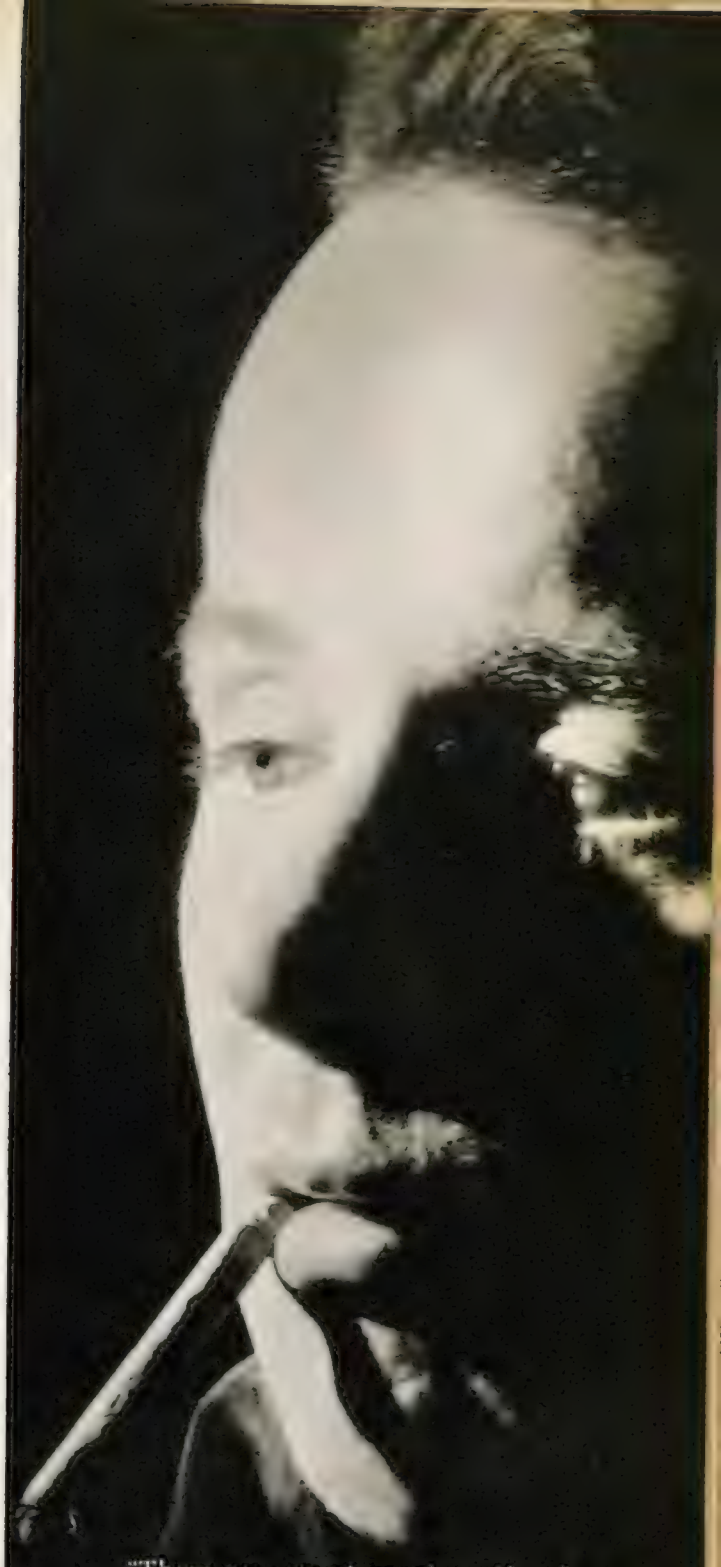
READING TIME

15 MINUTES

For the real concern of our military planners now is: If the cold war becomes a hot war, will we have enough resolute young scrappers who will be willing to seek out the enemy and be able to destroy him?

The fact is that though we won the second World War, we were greatly handicapped by the inordinate number of "poorly motivated" men in our ranks—men who were either unwilling or unable to fight. It is this story of American cowardice which has been neglected. Moreover, it is the specter of American cowardice in the second World War which now haunts our military leaders as they seek to prepare us for a possible third war.

So the most thoughtful military planners now believe that the cowardice story should be told They believe that the time has come for the American people to know that there is a considerable and apparently growing percentage of our youth who simply cannot be relied upon to fight for their country. *(Continued on page 79)*



"There was great consternation in our General Staff in the spring of 1943 when the news suddenly burst upon it that nearly as many men were being discharged from the Army . . . for psychoneurotic disorders . . . as were entering through induction stations. The number of these discharges was enough to alarm even the most complacent, because it was well up into six figures. In fact, over a given period of time, more men were getting out of the Army than were being sent across the Pacific to fight Japs." — *All But Me and Thee, by Brig. Gen. Elliot D. Cooke, Inspector General of the Army.*

(Published by the Infantry Journal Press, $2.75.)

MR. MUDGETT TO THE RESCUE

BY CRAWFORD SULLIVAN

■ Mr. Mudgett sat in the sunshine, gazing thoughtfully across the broad green lawn.

"Good morning, sir," said a tall man in a blue uniform. "I notice you aren't feeding the birds today. Anything wrong?"

Mr. Mudgett glanced up and smiled. "Gracious no, Morris," he replied. "I am quite happy. There are others in this world, however, who are not so fortunate."

"That's true," said Morris. "But why worry about 'em?"

"I can't help it," said Mr. Mudgett. "You see, I just received a letter from a former pupil of mine. He's in trouble."

"He knew you were here?" asked Morris.

"No. The letter was forwarded from the university. It grieves me to think that I am largely responsible for this lad's difficulties. He still believes the stuff I taught him ten years ago."

"Forget it, sir," said Morris. He

Tasker was grinning like a bull ape. Sandy was beside him, her note pad on the desk. There was no writing on it.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

The not-so-nuts inmate of Happy Vale Sanitarium embarks on high adventure in high finance

glanced at his watch and started for his post at the main gate.

Not until eight o'clock in the evening was Morris reminded of Mr. Mudgett again. That was when the superintendent of Happy Vale Sanitarium called him in to inform him that Mr. Mudgett had escaped.

"We're in for it again," growled the superintendent. "Why in blazes can't you keep that man Mudgett inside the fence?"

"He's smart," said Morris.

"Don't I know it. If it weren't for his psychosis, the man would be a genius," said the superintendent. "Morris—you've got to find him! Remember, his brother practically supports this sanitarium. If he heard that Mudgett was out again, he might decide to give his money to another institution."

"Well, I'll try," sighed Morris.

READING TIME

17 MINUTES

■ As Kennedy Cole sat in his office in the Great Plains Petroleum Company building, disaster was solidly represented by the beefy proportions of one Winton Tasker.

Tasker placed a handful of papers on the desk and said, "I am very curious about these invoices from the Olympic Manufacturing Company. They were O.K.'d by you, paid in full—yet we have no record of receiving any machinery from this company. Can you explain it?"

"I only know that I got an authorization from your office to pay these bills. I put the copies in the files."

"Mind if I look at 'em?"

(Continued on page 69)

TRADE THOSE BOYS

■ Last fall in the World Series, Al Gionfriddo of the Brooklyn Dodgers raced out to the left-field bullpen at the Yankee Stadium and hauled down a drive by Joe DiMaggio. The ball was 415 feet from home plate and the catch was the sensation of the Series. It proved that Al was a great little fellow. It also proved that Joe DiMaggio was playing in the wrong ball park.

Just to be downright frank about it, Ted Williams is also in the wrong park. Fenway Park in Boston is poisonous for a left-handed hitter and a picnic for a right-handed hitter. Right field in the Yankee Stadium is a chip shot for a left-hander. The loyalty of Boston for Ted Williams and New York for Joe DiMaggio merely proves that baseball is insane. Ted Williams belongs in New York. Joe DiMaggio belongs anywhere else but the Yankee Stadium.

Now we will convince you.

Anybody who has seen the Yankee Stadium will know that DiMaggio's bitterest enemy couldn't have found a worse place for him to play. That orchard is plain murder for a right-handed hitter. In the Fourth of July double-header two years ago with the Philadelphia Athletics, DiMaggio hit four balls that would have been home runs in any other park in baseball. They were all caught.

Ballplayers are well aware of the differences in ball parks and quite bitter at their fate in being trapped in the wrong one. Had Babe Ruth played for Washington or Pittsburgh, he would most certainly never have set his home-run records. The right-field wall in Washington is somewhere over in Virginia; the right-field stand at the Stadium is a mere approach shot. The Babe could slap ponderous drives over any barrier, but the laws of gravity are such that he found it simpler to loft high flies into those Stadium pews.

To get right down to it, most baseball records are a lot of nonsense. They may approximate the truth, but they are never the absolute truth. Bobby Feller pitching a no-hitter at the old League Park in Cleveland was quite another matter from doing it at the huge Municipal Stadium. A pop fly that would bounce off the short right-field wall at League Park could be caught in a hip pocket at the Stadium by the Lake.

Fenway Park in Boston is a paradise for right-hand hitters. It is only slightly longer in left center field than it is at the foul line. Hitters like Bobby Doerr who pepper that left-field wall all season invariably look ill in New York. The distance at the left-field line in New York is short (only 301 feet), but the stands drop away precipitately, with the result that a 410-foot drive 30 feet from the line will be an easy out. In all history there have been only two balls driven into the left-field bleachers at the Stadium (Greenberg and Lazzeri); they go in by the dozens at every other park. We have repeatedly seen balls caught at the flagpole at the Stadium, more than 435 feet away. They would be home runs anywhere but Washington. Pittsburgh and Cleveland (Municipal Stadium) both moved their fences in last year, and Ralph Kiner had a delightful summer popping long flies into "Greenberg Garden."

As a matter of record, there is only one honest park in baseball: the White Sox park in Chicago. It is symmetrical, being 352 feet at each foul line. At its farthest point in dead center it is 410 feet.

The biggest joke in baseball is the Polo Grounds in New York. The distance at the right-field foul line is 258 feet. The left-field line is 279 feet. Don't let anybody tell you this wasn't a factor in Mel Ott's National League all-time record of 512 home runs. Bill Terry was a .400 hitter for the Giants, but he never came close to Ott's home-run total. Terry was robbed of dozens of home runs every season.

Jeff Heath was always lambasted by sports writers because he lamented openly his fate at playing in Cleveland (the ponderous right-field wall at League Park; the gargantuan distances at the Stadium). After years of holdouts and general recalcitrancy, Heath was finally traded to—of all places—Washington! This was leaping from the frying pan into the inferno. The result was unhappy for all concerned and Jeff finally landed last year with the St. Louis Browns, where he hit 28 home runs with a pitiable club. He is now with the Boston Braves, ten years older and possibly on the down grade. He may not have been a sweet character to start with, but he was a terrific hitter and would have been a sensation in Yankee Stadium.

READING TIME

6 MINUTES

So let's have no more of this fake loyalty. Arrange that swap of DiMaggio for Williams right away. It will be pointed out that Williams has never done well in New York, but that is begging the question. A steady diet of that abbreviated right-field sector would make a new man of temperamental Ted.

In DiMaggio's best year, 1937, he walloped 46 home runs, hit in 56 consecutive games and finished with a percentage of .381. There is no way of knowing how many balls were caught in the Stadium that would have been extra bases anywhere else, but we saw enough of them to make us believe that if Joe had been working in Boston or Detroit, he would have broken Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs for a season. Nobody will deny that working in New York is a pleasure, but we reiterate that it is no place for a right-hand hitter. Jimmy Foxx put on some of his saddest exhibition performanees in that setting and it was years before Hank Greenberg could get a loud foul in the Stadium. The balls caught on Greenberg in that park were a caution. DiMaggio went almost into the Harlem River to snag a drive off Hank's bat there one day. Steady patrons still call it the greatest catch of all time, but Hank must have been left wondering. At Briggs Park in Detroit, DiMaggio would merely have

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

There's only one honest ball park and the Chicago White Sox have it. But everybody could be happy—deliriously happy—left-handers, right-handers, and even the fans. Here's how

waved at the ball as it landed far up in the stands.

The trade must obviously be made. The fans, being even more drippingly sentimental than the owners, will boo their heads off when Williams first appears in the Stadium, but he will cure that easily with a few judiciously scattered shots among the gentry in the bleachers. They were going to lynch Sam Breadon when he traded Rogers Hornsby for Frankie Frisch, but Frisch overcame that so completely by his miraculous performances that he is now, remember, in St. Louis as the greatest of all Cardinal players. When John McGraw later traded Hornsby to Boston for Shanty Hogan, not a seat was ripped out of the Polo Grounds.

So there isn't a thing to stand in your way, Messrs. Topping and Yawkey. Use your good sense, make a deal that will be fair all around, and accept the plaudits of the multitude. As our reward for the suggestion we ask very little. Just a small space on the base of the flagpole at Yankee Stadium for a plaque to commemorate our passing: "Here lies a man who brought sanity to a hapless industry."

That will be all. We merely want to be remembered forever. ■■

POETS ARE SOMETIMES PRACTICAL

BY CARL D. HALBAK

Snagging the Hastings electric account called for a new huckstering approach—as one look at the ad director made plain

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGLERT

I don't usually think of marriage before I've met the girl, but I could see myself settled with the beautiful Barbara.

■ I've been with the Elwell Advertising Agency since I said "Carry on" to the navy two years ago, and I attribute three raises and the gold letters, ALEXANDER TALBERT, on the door of my cubicle to an observance of certain niceties.

It was a few days before payday when I dialed Ernie McKay's extension and asked him to lunch. Ernie is the account exec I write copy for. He is a fine type and has taken kindly to me ever since I observed that he has a great creative imagination.

Ernie said he was all for it.

It was a crisp, sunny October day. From my seventeenth-floor perch in Rockefeller Center I could look down and see the people walking briskly through the Plaza. Especially the girls, with their hair blowing and looking very fetching in their bright autumn colors.

I swiveled around and regarded the poet they'd wedged into my cubicle a few weeks before. His name was Valentine Van Houten, a pretty good name for a poet but a little pretentious for a copywriter. He was a dark, nice-looking guy, sort of haphazardly thrown together, or maybe it was just his clothes.

They had him writing copy for a perfume account, an onerous job that required him to produce five or ten carefully turned words a month. The rest of the time he wrote poetry.

"Van Houten," I said, "there's promise in the air today."

He turned his intense black eyes on me. "Promise," he pronounced dreamily, gazing out the window. "Promise of winter's white bitterness. I hate winter."

■ Ernie and I settled ourselves at a choice table and decided that the bracing weather called for the warmth of a couple of Manhattans.

"A very elegant ensemble, Ernie," I said, indicating his clothes. Ernie wore a dark blue suit, starched collar, and striped tie.

"Thanks, Alex." He winked. "It's meant to be."

All of a sudden I understood. "I get you," I said. "This is the day Mr. Osborn Hastings gets to town."

"Right," he said. "At two thirty the higher echelon converges on Penn Station and forms a human carpet."

"How do you rate our chances for snagging the account, Ernie?" I asked him.

Osborn Hastings was president of Hastings Home Helps, a medium-sized electrical products outfit in Harrisburg, Pa. Word had gotten around that Hastings was ready to quadruple his advertising budget, and every agency in town had gone to work on him.

"Between you and me," Ernie said, "we've got the account."

I wheezed. A million more bucks of business for the Elwell Agency! "So the cocktail party this afternoon is more than just a gesture?"

"In a way. It'll be an announcement that we got the account. But we haven't won yet, Alex. Joe Elwell sold Hastings on the agency as a whole; we didn't offer one idea for selling Home Helps."

"I don't get it," I said. When we went angling for accounts, we usually worked overtime cooking up a variety of selling schemes for the client to choose from.

"It seems Hastings told us there was no use making a presentation, because the official of his firm who would do the selecting was out of town. Well, this guy comes with Hastings today."

"Does anybody have a slant on his likes and dislikes?" I asked.

"We don't even know his name." Ernie gloomed. "Oh, Alex. That guy in your office. I don't know if anybody got around to asking him to the party this afternoon. Bring him with you when you come."

■ At about three that afternoon every telephone in the agency buzzed twice. The hired help made like they were busy. The buzzes meant that Osborn Hastings was making the rounds, flanked by Joe Elwell, the five vice-presidents of the agency, and trailed by six or seven spruce account execs. When the entourage had passed my doorway, Ernie McKay ducked into my cubicle and closed the door. He was slightly wild of eye.

READING TIME

19 MINUTES

"The Hastings official ain't a he!" he rasped. "It's Hastings' daughter! A twenty - one - or - two-year-old girl."

"What's she look like, Ernie?"

"She's terrific."

I leaned forward and patted his arm. "Married?"

"Miss Barbara Hastings."

"Ernie, you mean you're actually worried about this child?"

"Not me," he said with elaborate disdain. "Only Joe Elwell and the whole Plans Board."

"I wouldn't worry if I were they. But then they don't know that one of your copywriters, Alex Talbert by name, is an acute student of feminine psychology." Maybe I smirked a little.

Ernie looked at me for a long time, biting his lower lip.

"You might have something there, Alex," Ernie said. "There's not a man on the Plans Board who isn't half bald and potbellied. They're dynamic ad men, but this little development's got 'em way off base."

"I'm no Casanova," I lied. "The situation doesn't call for--"

But Ernie had dashed out the door.

■ At three thirty I was closeted with Joe Elwell and the five balding vice-presidents. I tried to appear at ease, but the nearness of all that expensive tailoring rattled me a little.

"Talbert," Joe Elwell grunted, pacing the floor behind his desk, "Ernie McKay tells me you're quite a man with the ladies."

I put up a feebly protesting hand.

"Never mind," he went on, "we're all gentlemen here. You're a nice-

(Continued on page 76)

■ The Committee on Un-American Activities has no desire to censor motion pictures, or indeed any other medium of expression.

Far from wanting to exert control of the screen itself, the committee will do its utmost to end—through exposure—the efforts at censorship which the Communists have made. These efforts have taken the form inside the studios of acts of suppression, and outside they have taken the form of threats to use stinkpots and violence in the theaters. We must protect the arts in this country from the type of domination which exists today in Russia, where even music must follow some prescribed party line.

Thought control is a product of Communism, not of democracy or capitalism. In Russia, the theater, like all other means of communication, is controlled by the government and no opposition to the Communist Party is permitted. Any writer, editor, actor, or speaker who departs from the party line is guilty of a political offense and is subject to the severest punishment to be found in the Soviet criminal code. The Russian people are permitted to read, hear, and see only those things that the Communist leadership wants them to read, hear, and see.

In this country a great clamor has been made by and on behalf of the eight screen writers, one producer, and one director exposed by the Committee on Un-American Activities. Clamorous cries of censorship, dictatorship, thought control, Fascism, invasion of personal liberties, and the like have been raised against the committee. The Communists and the fuzzy-minded liberals whom they have duped want to scare the American public into supporting not a free screen or free opinion but a free hand for the Communists in the movie industry.

Noble-sounding organizations such as the Freedom from Fear Committee, the Committee for the First Amendment, and the Committee of One Thousand, all dedicated to battle against the Committee on Un-American Activities under the false banner of preserving constitutional rights, have been set up. One of the organizations, the Freedom from Fear Committee, has even made a public appeal for $70,000 to finance the legal fight by the ten high-salaried motion-picture employees whose defiance of the UAA Committee resulted in indictments for contempt of Congress. Anyone might think they were as poor as the Scottsboro boys.

The forces which these fronts represent would, if successful, invoke the most rigid censorship and end freedom of thought for all time in this country.

A question I am frequently asked is, "Are you going to name the pictures that contain Communist propaganda?" When we began our Hollywood investigation, I wanted motion pictures analyzed for Communist content and I gave orders to make such an examination. As a moviegoer, I had seen a number of examples of Communist influence in films. But I have since realized that my idea was both overambitious and dangerous.

The committee hasn't the time, money, or responsibility for such a vast undertaking. The many intangibles involved would make numerous misconstructions possible. Opponents of the committee would like nothing better than to see us tackle this all-but-impossible job, and indeed have tried to bait us into it. If we did tackle it, we would only be giving them plausible grounds for their claims of attempted censorship.

No, motion-picture criticism should be no function of Congress.

Even if it were simple to point out Communist scenes and lines, it would still be virtually impossible to trace them to any individual source, because so many persons have fingers in the pie. The committee feels that it is sufficient to point out Communists in important Hollywood jobs. Abundant proof has been given the public that members are bound to the Communist Party by an iron discipline.

From our study it appears that the Communists haven't been very successful in introducing Communist material of a positive nature. They can expect any obvious waving of the Soviet flag to be cut out by the responsible studio executives. They have relied largely, therefore, on

WHAT I REALLY THINK OF HOLLYWOOD

Far from wanting to control the movie industry, Congressman Thomas says his committee's aim is to smash Communist efforts at censorship

By Representative **J. PARNELL THOMAS,** Chairman, Committee on Un-American Activities, as told to **Stacy V. Jones**

negative tactics—efforts to disparage American life and institutions in ways less likely to be noticed. They feel that if they can tear down democracy, the only alternative will be Communism.

The committee learned that Communists hope to get five minutes of Red doctrine into each picture; that they would like to have all Quislings portrayed as rich; all country-club members as snobs; all working people as oppressed; all Congressmen as corrupt, and all bankers and industrialists as bullies.

Apropos of this testimony, I am sometimes asked, "Are you going to order the movies not to make any more villains out of bankers and Congressmen?" I can't believe that this question is asked seriously, but of course the answer is no. We're not going to issue any rules at all.

Motion pictures are primarily for entertainment, and the fewer rules the better the entertainment will be, in my opinion. When they portray life, the movies have to show the rough with the smooth, both Tobacco Road and Maple Street. But it should be done with the proper perspective, without Communist distortion. They don't need to choose their villains exclusively from certain classes of society and certain callings.

Again, we are sometimes accused of trying to scare the producers into making anti-Communist films. We have neither the power nor the inclination to tell the producers what kind of pictures they should make. As a witness at our hearings commented, it is a little odd that there has been no dramatization of Soviet aggression or escapes from the GPU, in contrast with the many about Hitler and his secret police. But that is for the industry to decide.

Before the war two pictures were made which kidded the Russians and Communism. These were Ninotchka and Comrade X. Several studios are now reported to be making anti-Communist films.

■ Finally, some people in the industry ask, "Why did you pick on Hollywood?" We didn't. Hollywood came to us in the persons of many members of the industry who were sincerely alarmed by the activities of Communists within the studios. I want to make clear that the committee undertook its investigation of Communist influences in the film capital in compliance with a mandate of Congress, which actually is a mandate of the majority of the citizens of this democracy. Congress, in creating the committee, instructed it to determine the character and extent of Communism and other subversive movements in the United States, and to formulate any legislation needed to cope with them.

The character of Communism as an international conspiracy, directed by the Soviet Union to extend its dictatorship to the entire world, has already been established by the committee. This was summarized in the report issued in 1947 and entitled The Communist Party as an Agent of a Foreign Power, copies of which may be obtained free at the committee's office.

The task of determining the *extent* of Communism in this country has been a continuous assignment. Hollywood presented only one aspect of a broad inquiry. But Hollywood is an important vineyard for the Communists to cultivate. First, they are interested in the movies as a medium into which they can inject propaganda. Lenin once said that "Communists must always consider that of all the arts the motion picture is the most important." The Communist International gave orders to try to capture the American industry, and since 1925 the obedient Communists in this country have been trying to do so. They made a couple of films of their own, but abandoned that method for efforts to get Hollywood to make what they wanted and not to make or distribute what they didn't like.

To accomplish this they planned to get members into the established motion-picture companies and into the guilds of employees. A top Communist was appointed to direct the strategy on the spot.

Script writing was, of course, a highly important channel for propaganda. The approach is best described in the language of a Communist who was addressing a script writer whom he regarded as a recruit for the cause. "Do not try to write an entire Communist picture," he said. "The producers will quickly identify it

(Continued on page 75)

THE LIFE OF SAMMY HOGARTH

On that ride from Pasadena to Hollywood, the ghost writer learned more about his famous subject than he'd ever be able to use

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

■ Yep, still Pasadena. Seems like a long ride, but ackshelly it's nearer Mr. Hogarth's place this way than if I would of meet your train at L. A., what with that downtown traffic, oh, brother! So jus' relax. Sit back and enjoy the scenery. You already come three thousand miles. This is on'y a drop in the bucket and you're there. This your first trip out here, Mr. Talbot? . . .

I thought so. Knew I never seen you at Mr. Hogarth's or at the broadcast. Welp, all I can say is you're gonna like it out here. This is God's country, and Mr. Hogarth is a fine man. Fourteen years now I been with him and ain't got a cause for complaint. Except maybe those jokes he tells about me on the air, about Harry the chauffeur, that's me natchelly, but hell I don' really mind. It's jus' my missus nags me I oughta get paid extra if he's gonna make fun of me and call me a punchy stumblebum over the radio. She di'n' even want me to sign no release, you know how women are. You ain't married, are you? . . .

Di'n' think so. I can always tell. Suppose you're the new gag writer for the program, huh? . . .

Oh. Strike one against Harry. Not that you sound like no gag writer, don' get me wrong, Mr. Talbot. It's jus' that there's usually quite a few of 'em comin' and goin', and as a matter of fac' on'y las' week when I'm drivin' Lenny Stack to the station and tellin' him how sorry I am the boss don' renew his contract, he says to me: Don' worry, Harry, he says. There'll be another one jus' like me before long. So you see I figured you was it, 'cause you're a young, good-lookin' guy like Lenny Stack (you're welcome) and you look like a writer too. I could of sworn—

A *what*?. . .

Ha-ha. You're a mighty healthy-lookin' ghost there, Mr. Talbot. Yes, sir. Stop me if I ast too many questions. The boss always says I ast too many questions. But jus' exackly what is the ghost gonna ghost-write? Ha-ha. . . .

Ya don' say. An autobiography book. The life of Sammy Hogarth. That's grand. Wonnerful. You're gonna have a mighty fine book there, Mr. Talbot, and you wanna know somethin'? It'll make a mighty fine movin' pitcher too, and that would sure make the boss happy 'cause I know how much he wants his life story in pitchers, like that Al Jolson pitcher. Mr. Hogarth seen the Jolson pitcher three times and I hear him tell Manny Zack—that's his agent—I hear him tell Manny that Jolson's life's not half as inarresting and inspirational as the life of Sammy Hogarth, but of course he's too modest to come right out and do somethin' about it. And believe me it's about time they *done* a pitcher about Mr. Hogarth's life. Ain't he a great

name in show business for years and ain't he a fine, outstandin' example of a good man? Look at all them charities he works for and what a fine family man he is and how he keeps sendin' food and clothes to his folks in the old country *every* Christmas and how good he is to Clarabelle. . . .

Her? Oh, that's Mr. Hogarth's daughter. Don' you remember those skits and jokes he used to do on the program about Clarabelle? Must of been over ten, eleven years ago. Geez, they was funny, about poor Sammy Hogarth bein' stuck with a homely daughter and how dumb she was and how was he ever goin' to get rid of her. Funniest damn thing on the program. He used to have a special writer who done nothin' but the Clarabelle stuff, Frankie Rool, helluva guy. Wonder whatever happen to Frankie? But Mr. Hogarth don' do the Clarabelle gags no more. You know, the public they get tired hearin' the same stuff over and over. And when the kid come home from the sanitarium— . . .

Yeah, some place out in Westwood. She took all them aspirin outta the bottle at one time or somethin'. I dunno, they call it a nervous breakdown, but it wasn't nothin' as bad as all that. Jus' overwork, I guess. The kid knock herself out with the schoolwork, always sittin' home up in her room bonin' over the books, stayin' away from people, never out playin' and partyin' like the other girls, and her with all the advantages of bein' a celebrity. In fac', what with those jokes about her on the air every week, you might even say she was famous. But that was way back, and now that she's growed up—must be about your age, I'd say—Mr. Hogarth is still the fine father he always was, nothin' too good for Clarabelle, nothin' he wouldn' do for her. So you see if you need any help on this here autobi—on this here book—why, you jus' come to Harry and ast me anythin' you want, anythin' at all. I been with Mr. Hogarth fourteen years and there's plenty that maybe he forget or don' wanna tell you 'cause he's jus' natchelly a modest man. It's the writers that keep puttin' in all that stuff on the program about how much money he raises for all them charities. He don' wanna talk about nothin' he does. . . .

READING TIME

9 MINUTES

Like what? Well, like, for instance, as I was sayin', the way he sends things to his old man and old lady in Europe, and does he go braggin' about it? Nah. Not like some people. Why, you wouldn' even know he *got* folks over there, not from Mr. Hogarth you wouldn'. Betcha hardly nobody even know it. And when the old folks ast to be sent for to come over here, the boss don' care how much it hurts him when he writes them to stay where they are and where they'll be happy amongst their own people and they can speak the language. No, sir, Mr. Talbot, you don' find many sons like that, what thinks on'y about what's best for others.

■ And wait'll you see the room you're gettin'. I never seen it myself, but Gussie—that's my wife—Gussie tell me all about it. She was fixin' it up and gettin' it ready for you soon as Lenny Stack check out. Not that Mr. Hogarth is runnin' no hotel up there on Benedict Canyon, but geez, the way they come and go, sometimes you wonder. First Fred Wurlitzer the announcer, and then Les Gibbons, you know, the vocalist, and then Arthur Crewes, and then Mel Simmons, and then all them writers, one after another, Lenny Stack the last of them, all of 'em nice young guys like you. And I'm tellin' you, the way Mr. Hogarth extend the hospitality of the house to each and every one of them, why, it's wonnerful. And I sure hope you ain't one of them ungrateful kind, like some of them. . . .

Whadda I mean ungrateful? This is what I mean ungrateful. The boss sends for a guy from New York, like you, and gives him a swell job on the show, and as if that ain't enough to make him happy, does he make him check into a hotel and pay rent and live all alone in a strange city? Nah. Not Sammy Hogarth. He invites him into his home and lets him live there, for nothin', mind you, and wait'll you see the room, overlookin' the swimmin' pool, and not only that. He knows young guys like you and Les Gibbons and Lenny Stack are kinda lonely when you first come out here, so he invites you to dinner with Mrs. Hogarth and Clarabelle, jus' like it's your own home, and he knows you don't know nobody right off, so he lets you take Clarabelle out at night to Ciro's and Mocambo and all them places and it's on *his* cuff.

■ Mr. Hogarth ain't no snob, no, sirree. He's strickly an old-fashioned guy at heart, jus' like on the program. Why, when he hear about Jerry Loomis—you remember him, he was the crooner on the show las' fall—when he hear that Jerry gonna marry that girl from New York, Mr. Hogarth fire him right away, for his own good. Sure. Even though he need Jerry badly on the program, the best low-price crooner in the business, but that's the kinda man Mr. Hogarth is, more worried that a marriage should work out right. A husband belongs beside his wife, that's what he tell Jerry, and when Jerry move outta the house and head back for New York, does he tell everyone what a fine man Mr. Hogarth is and how fine he been treated? Nah. That's what I mean ungrateful.

And this Les Gibbons, the tenor, who moves in after Loomis leaves, he ain't much better. Four weeks and he quits. The climate, he says. Hoddaya like that? After Mr. Hogarth goes to all the trouble to have new wallpaper put in the room and calls Clarabelle home from Palm Springs jus' so's this Gibbons don' feel like he's all alone out here.

Yeah, that's right, this is Hollywood now. Up ahead's Sunset Strip. I'll show you where that Ramsdale dame took the shot at Mr. Hogarth.

No, she di'n' hit him. Lucky she di'n' hurt no one. None the less, they give her five years. . . .

Hodda *I* know why? Crazy, I guess. Or, like I was sayin', ungrateful. Mr. Hogarth di'n' have to be payin' her money every month like he was doin', but he was sorry for her after her husband knock himself off. . . .

I don' know. Guess 'cause he was broke. One of them tired radio actors, always outta work, always makin' excuses. Used to go around imaginin' the reason he couldn' get no job was 'cause the boss had him blackballed in the industry for bein' fresh to him. Strickly a no-talent crackpot. And when he hang himself, Mr. Hogarth lets bygones be bygones and helps the widow every month for I don't know how many years, and what does she do? Tries to kill him.

Guess you'll be putting all that in your book, huh? Oughta make a inarrestin' scene in a pitcher. You know, the more you think about the boss, the more you see what a story you got there, Mr. Talbot. And I been thinkin', maybe the life of Sammy Hogarth ain't such a hot title after all. You gotta get somethin' more to the point, like—like—yeah, how about callin' it He Bring Happiness to Millions? Hey, that ain't bad, if I say so myself. Jus' ast me anythin'. Harry the writer, ha-ha. He Bring Happiness to Millions. Not bad at all. You got the time, Mr. Talbot? I don' know about this clock. After I leave you off at the house I gotta drive over to Bel-Air and pick Clarabelle up at the beauty parlor and get her back in time for lunch, and if I'm late the boss chews my hide off. Betcha can't wait to get there, hey, Mr. Talbot? ■■

MAKER OF SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Once an obscure Japanese-American schoolteacher, Sakamoto today is one of the world's greatest swimming teachers. In recent years he has developed twice as many national champions as any other coach. Here's how he does it

BY BLAKE CLARK ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

■ A few years ago tanned and wiry Soichi Sakamoto was an obscure schoolteacher on the little island of Maui, 75 miles from Honolulu. Today he is recognized as one of the best teachers of swimming in the world. In the past seven years he has developed twice as many national champions as has any other coach.

Word reached Honolulu in 1935 that a young Japanese-American at Puunene on Maui was having some success in developing swimmers, but Honolulans had become too disillusioned to listen. For years they had watched the churning lanes in local meets, always hoping that some young swimmer would prove a worthy successor to their beloved Duke Kahanamoku, whose aquatic exploits in three Olympics had made the islands world famous.

Honolulu first saw the dynamic Sakamoto and his ambitious teenage protégés when at the 1937 Hawaiian A.A.U. championship indoor meet they splashed their way to victory in virtually all the races. Two youngsters, Kiyoshi Nakama, only 14 years old, and Halo Hirose, 13, neither of whom weighed 120 pounds, streaked ahead of Waikiki's powerful Hawaiian beach boys and established local records for the 220- and 500-yard distances.

"Who is Sakamoto?" Honolulans asked eagerly. How had he made champions of these children? They learned to their amazement that he had trained them in a shallow, narrow sugar-cane irrigation ditch, miles from the ocean. Each day after school more than 120 kids leaped into the narrow waterway, scarcely four feet wide, while "Coach" ran along the bank shouting instructions. Bare knees often scraped the bottom, for the ditch was only three feet deep, and a downward stroke often concluded in a handful of sediment. At 5 P.M., when the flow of water was greatest, it was yellow with dirt and trash, but Sakamoto's disciples swam in it, muddy or clear, up and down, for one to three hours at a time, never missing a day.

During the next four years Sakamoto produced six of the fastest swimmers in the world, and teams which won four U. S. national championship honors. Modest, soft-spoken Kiyoshi Nakama, who had never been off his native island except for the Honolulu competition, traveled thousands of miles to A.A.U. meets in Louisville, Detroit, and St. Louis, setting U. S. speed marks in 16 different events. In South America and Australia he set records which still stand.

José Balmores, 15, captured the U. S. 300-meter free-style championship. Halo Hirose won the 100-meter free-style competition. Pretty Fujike Katsutani won the women's breast-stroke championship, and Chic Miyamoto, graceful daughter of a contract laborer, became the 300-meter medley champion of America.

Sakamoto's most spectacular work was done with part-Hawaiian Bill Smith. Bill had been stricken by typhoid fever, which left him unable to move his arms or legs. His father, a Honolulu policeman, sent him to Sakamoto. He lived with the coach's family for two years and virtually sprouted fins.

On May 23, 1941, at an invitation meet in Honolulu, Bill Smith shattered three world records—for the 880-, 900-, and 1,000-yard distances. The city went wild. The next night he broke three more—for the 550, 700 and 800 yards, to prove himself the greatest middle-distance swimmer in the world. He still holds six world records. Now attending Ohio State University, Bill won the National Collegiate Athletic Association 220- and 440-yard championships last March.

Sakamoto's coaching feats are amazing when one considers that he developed all his champions, with the exception of Smith, from talent available at Puunene, a community of fewer than 5,000 persons. Swimming authorities predict that this plantation village will supply a generous percentage of our Olympic team.

Sakamoto does not specialize in developing champions. "I simply teach people to swim," he says, "and then to swim better." Now coaching at the University of Hawaii, he is beside the pool from six in the morning until nine at night. Chart in hand, he records the individual progress of nearly 200 swimmers each day and gives them advice. Frequently his wife or his pretty 17-year-old daughter, Janice, brings his supper, which he eats between clocking one swimmer and pacing another.

Sakamoto feels that his own swimming style is far from perfect and will not let his students see him swim lest they pick up bad habits. Some of his champions saw him in the water for the first time one day last year, and then he had his clothes on! A little elementary-school girl, ashamed to admit that she couldn't swim, leaped into the pool with her classmates, and Sakamoto dived in and fished her out.

Sakamoto is a kind of Gandhi of swimming. Anyone, from anywhere, can get his expert counsel—absolutely free.

This wise man of the water says that everyone can and should swim—men, women, and children of all ages past five. One of Sakamoto's protégés, a Chinese mermaid of eight, last year gave an exhibition at an A.A.U. meet. While the admiring crowd marveled, she demonstrated great speed and perfect form at the crawl, back stroke and breast stroke.

Sakamoto believes that man is by nature a swimmer, like other animals. Keeping him from his aquatic heritage is fear of the water, which has come with civilization. It is as unreasonable, he says, as fear of the dark. To overcome it, he advises, simply go to the shallow part of the pool or beach, hold your breath and duck your head under the water. Keep your eyes open and look around. It takes only a few plunges to overcome your timidity.

■ When you have drowned your fears, Sakamoto will first teach you to float on your back. You wade out waist-deep, squat until your shoulders are immersed, hold your arms above your head, and slowly begin to recline until the water makes a pillow for your head. Then push from the bottom. Your feet will rise, and you will drift along as smoothly as a swan.

Once confident that you can float on both back and front—and anybody can—you can swim, for swimming is merely working arms and legs to speed along floating. It is best to begin with an overhand stroke, kicking six times to every complete cycle of arm movements. Confidence, patience, and practice will do the rest.

If you already swim, you can improve your style by following Sakamoto's fundamental rules.

1. *Relax.* You have seen the man who fights the water, twisting violently from side to side, throwing his arms out stiff and straight, jerking himself forward by leaps and bounds.

1. To overcome fear of the water, Sakamoto says duck your head under and look around. 2. Next you learn to float. Recline until the water pillows your head; push from bottom. 3. Relax and let your arms bend naturally for each stroke. Flex your knees for the kick. 4. Best position for the body is high in the water, keeping the water line at the eyebrows. 5. Inhale on left side as right arm pulls downward; exhale as face turns into water. 6. Most effective part of stroke starts with arm at 30° angle. 7. Leg action should come from thigh.

He needs to relax. You can use half the energy and speed along faster if you do not hold your head stiffly out of the water, but simply roll it easily from side to side as you take in air. Let your arms bend naturally at the elbow as you lift them for each stroke. Let your knees flex during your rhythmic kick.

2. *Take the correct "stance."* The best position for the body is high in the water rather than low. Instead of plowing along with head almost entirely submerged, keep the water line at the eyebrows.

3. *Breathe properly.* The swimmer who finds himself gasping after only a few strokes is not breathing correctly. Most people gulp in air, hold their breath, and then force it out the last split second before they need another draft. Air should be taken in through the mouth and exhaled through the nose smoothly and regularly. Inhale on the left side as your right arm pulls its downward stroke. Begin exhaling the moment your face turns down into the water. Inhale on the right side as the opposite arm plunges for the pull.

4. *Pull at the proper time.* The most effective part of your stroke starts when your arm is at a 30-degree angle with the surface of the water. It continues to about a 45-degree angle. That is the time to put your strength into it.

5. *Perfect your kick.* Leg action accounts for about 40 per cent of the good swimmer's forward progress. The power should come from the thigh and ripple through flexed knees to the toes. Your feet should barely break the surface of the water.

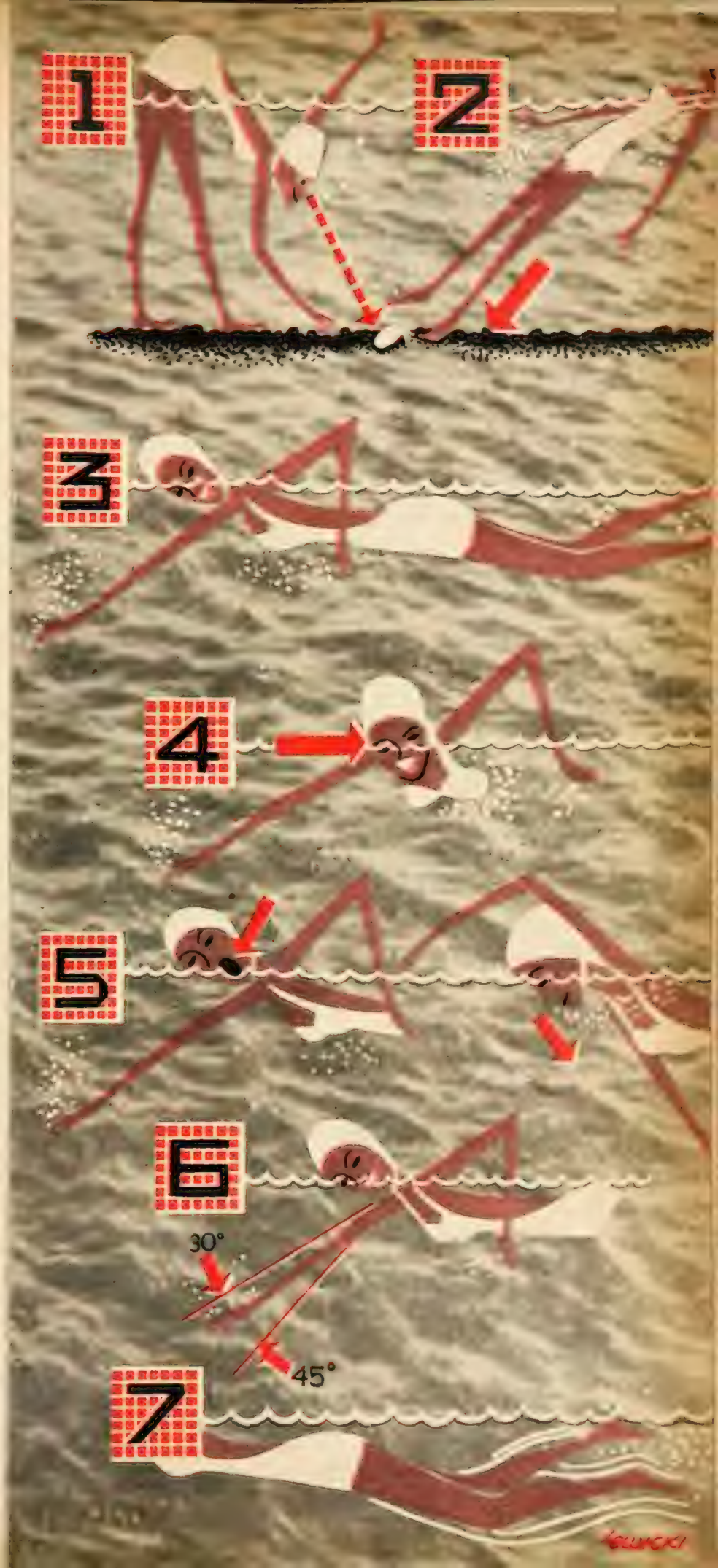
Now you are ready to increase your speed and range. If you swim 100 yards without tiring, resolve to make it 220 within a few weeks. The first week increase your distance by a few yards; the second, cut down the time it takes to cover it. Before you know it, your waistline will be decreasing, your chest expanding, and your whole body feeling firm as a fish.

Swimming is not a dangerous sport. Yet some 7,000 persons drown each year. Sakamoto lists a few sensible precautions:

1. Rest two hours after a meal before entering the water. Going in too soon after a big picnic lunch may cause cramps.

2. Use the "buddy system." Never

(Continued on page 82)



Soon Alida was asleep. Herman rose quietly. He closed the door softly after him.

The human desire for recognition sometimes takes inhuman form—as in the strange case of Herman Mantz

■ Until he met Laura Turner, Herman Mantz's life couldn't have been simpler. He worked on an accounting machine in a New York City office, rose to the sound of a drugstore alarm clock, grabbed a drugstore breakfast, lunched with a fellow or two from the office. He ate dinner at an inexpensive restaurant with one of the fellows, with a girl he'd picked up at a bar or on the street, or alone. Then he'd go to a movie, or read, or listen to the radio. He was fairly content with things.

He passed Laura a couple of times in the hall at Mrs. Regan's, eyed her critically. Finally, on a Saturday afternoon, he spoke to her. "Isn't this a fine day!" he said. "Don't tell me you're going to stay indoors."

"I was just wondering what I *was* going to do," Laura said.

"What about a bus ride and a bite to eat?"

"I'd like that a lot," Laura said.

Herman liked her from the start. She was a cute little thing with curly brown hair and big eyes and a way of holding her head on one side. And that bus ride was the start of things. They had a fine time together, talking and laughing about nothing at all. And Laura even seemed to enjoy the little Italian restaurant.

It was the first time in his whole life that he was happy. Laura would meet him every evening after work, and they'd have dinner and then go to a movie.

Laura never talked much about herself—but Herman gathered that she'd left home to go on the stage.

"I'll get something!" she said. "I'll be a star yet."

"You'll forget me when you're a star," Herman teased.

"Silly!" she said. "I'll never forget you."

"I don't know why you like me, anyhow," he said.

"I like you—because you're—well, you're—you're faithful," Laura said. "I can sort of lean on you."

That made Herman feel strong and capable.

"Come into my room and tell me good night there," Laura said one night. After that, it became a habit for him to go into Laura's room when they came home at night. It was beautiful to hold her in his arms, to feel her soft lips press against his own. He had never really loved anyone before.

"I wish we could get married," he said.

"Don't you like things—this way?"

"Of course I do!" he said. He was happier than he had ever been. And in spite of the fact that Laura never talked about herself, and seemed blue sometimes, he thought she was happy too, except for the fact that she couldn't get a job on the stage.

That was why what followed was such a shock. One night Laura lay in his arms. The next evening when he came home, Laura was dead!

He saw a crowd around the entrance to the roominghouse. Then strange men, with eyes too close together, were asking him questions.

He was bewildered, shocked, frightened. Then the facts came to him. Laura had been found dead in bed. The gas was turned on. It could have been suicide—or murder.

Laura's death brought out the curious fact that she was the daughter of a well-to-do man in the Middle West, and had run away from home after an unhappy love affair.

Mrs. Regan added what information she could. "I smelled gas and went into the room," she said. "The girl was dead. The last time I saw her alive, the two of them were together."

"Were they together that last night?"

"Sure they were! I heard them."

"Were they quarreling?"

"Could have been."

Even while he was being questioned, Herman realized what Laura's death meant to him. She had given him all the happiness he had ever known. And now she was dead!

It was horrible telling things about Laura and himself. He wished

ILLUSTRATED BY CAVALIERE

IN THE NEWSPAPERS

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

he didn't have to say anything, but these people were representatives of the law—

"Did you quarrel?" someone asked.

"We never quarreled," Herman said.

"You didn't drink so much that you didn't know what went on?"

"I—I knew what went on," Herman said.

It was horrible! But what followed was even more horrible. He was arrested for the murder of Laura Turner!

There were long, terrible hours of solitude. Of missing Laura. Of worrying about what was going to happen to him.

Then a man came—his lawyer—appointed by the state.

"You can tell me the whole truth," the lawyer insinuated.

"I've told all I know," Herman said.

The lawyer asked as many questions as the others had asked. He never did seem satisfied with Herman's answers.

And then, suddenly, Herman realized that he was important. Why, he was in all of the newspapers! Stories about him. Pictures of him! Pictures of Laura! Histories of their lives. He read the newspapers avidly. Before Laura's death he had been an unknown person, spending his time between an office and a roominghouse. No one had cared about him except one girl—who hadn't cared enough to keep on living. Now he was "Alleged Killer" or "Man Accused of Murdering Heiress." He was somebody!

READING TIME

16 MINUTES

But before the trial he grew nervous, tense. What if—what if— Could they convict him on circumstantial evidence? It was exciting, though.

The day of the trial came. Even in the long days of waiting he hadn't been so thoroughly the center of things. There was a huge courtroom, with a judge and newspaper reporters and a lot of spectators. He could see men taking notes and artists sketching him. Women reporters tried to catch his eye and smiled understandingly. Why, he was as important as murderers they wrote plays about! He was innocent—he didn't have to worry! And yet he was the center of things.

The trial started with witnesses he'd hardly seen. Men and women who lived in his roominghouse and who had seen Laura and him together. His romance was dragged out in public, every detail given to the avid listeners.

The prosecuting attorney questioned the witnesses. His own lawyer questioned the witnesses. His lawyer brought new witnesses who swore that his character was good.

Long speeches then. And the jury filed out. And he waited. What if— what if— But he was innocent! He wondered if other men had been convicted who were no more guilty than he. His only guilt had been in loving Laura.

The jury returned. His heart almost stopped beating. He was free! Free!

The photographers snapped his picture as he was leaving the courthouse. People he had never seen crowded around him, congratulated him. All this—because he was free!

Mrs. Regan met him at the door of the roominghouse. "You can't stay

(Continued on page 72)

He was in all of the newspapers: Stories about him. Pictures of him — of Laura!

ress Murder
uspect Seized

District Attorney's office an-ced late today that Herman ., 28 years old, had been arrested gas murder of Laura Turner, s to a Mid-West fortune. Miss r, who had been masquerading w York as a working girl, was dead in her Greenwich Village ng house two days ago.
ntz, a clerk in a downtown office, y admitted knowing Miss Tur-le said they had roomed at the house in the Village. He ap-d dazed when police brought .
D.A.'s office said two hours after 's arrest that they had enough nce against him to send him to air. It is known that they have a witness who heard Miss Turner Iantz quarreling the night she is d to have been murdered. The

Boy Friend Suspected

Socialite Found Dead in Village Room

THEY ONLY MISS ONCE

Death defiers at circuses and fairs earn more than many a movie

■ Ask any bubble-gum chewer the name of Roy Rogers' horse, and he'll shoot it back at you like John Kieran reciting Shakespeare. Ask the same moppet the name of the only man in recorded history who does a backward somersault from the back of one running horse to the back of another, and you will be fortunate if you are rewarded with an interested drool.

It's an odd circumstance in an era devoted to the frenzied publicizing of anybody who coins witty insults, has money, runs for office, or makes faces for the camera, that the daredevil, the spectacular figure who risks death twice a day, is generally as unknown as a deceased vice-president.

The top performers in this bizarre trade are paid off in sums which would impress Paulette Goddard. Yet there are few Americans who can name even one of the leading protagonists.

Well, who are they, then, these diavolos who will thrill you this summer at fairs, carnivals, amusement parks, motordromes, and circuses?

The special thing about the daredevil is that his life is played out against a background of imminent death. Thus his most ordinary act is automatically endowed with the quality of high drama.

If a housewife decides to go to the grocery in her Mother Hubbard, nobody except the clerk gives it a second think. But when a lady lion tamer walks into the big cage wearing a house wrapper—that's a story. It happened once to Marian Knowlton, who did a difficult act with lions and tigers for years without getting a scratch. One day a group of Miss Knowlton's relatives were visiting the show. It was necessary for them to leave before the evening performance. Miss Knowlton wanted them to see her working the cats. She went into the cage for a practice session while wearing her dressing gown. It was the first time her charges had seen her out of conventional riding breeches. One of the lions got jumpy and went after her. The other beasts joined in. Miss Knowlton's bit of ordinary feminine absent-mindedness cost her a month in the hospital

READING TIME

9 MINUTES

Another well-known performer, Ella Harris, neglected an aching tooth, a circumstance of only minor consequence to a milkmaid or a secretary, but of rather greater import to a young lady who made her living swinging from the peak of the Big Top by her teeth. Miss Harris had gone for 18 years without a mishap. "Lucky Ella," they called her around the circus. Then she got an abscessed molar. The show was doing one-night stands—proper dentistry was unobtainable. Lucky Ella went to a village blacksmith, got him to file a chunk out of her mouth grip where the molar fitted, and went on doing her act. One night she shifted the grip in her mouth and bit down on the sensitive tooth. Sudden, violent pain made her let go. She fell to the tanbark, injuring an arm, a leg, and her neck. Only her acrobat's skill in taking falls saved her from death.

In the matter of females and firewater, daredevils are enslaved to the most rigorous abstemiousness. The single example I know of a high-act member who fell off the wagon provides a strange and grim saga of show business. It has to do with a featured trapeze act called The Three Sylvains, which consisted of Wilhelm, the flying (or somersault-turning) member of the act, his brother Dolf, who made the catches, and a girl. In their final trick at each performance, Wilhelm did a two-and-a-half somersault from the trapeze to Dolf's arms.

One season the girl in the act was hurt early in the tour. The brothers picked a lovely performer named Helena as a replacement. Both Wilhelm and Dolf promptly fell in love with the new girl.

Soon the brothers had a bitter quarrel. Wilhelm took to secret tippling.

The boys went on doing the act which was their life and livelihood. It was an enormously difficult routine, requiring split-second timing. They did the act, but throughout the entire season, on the trapezes and off, they spoke not a single word to each other.

A few days before the end of the tour the big trick missed. Wilhelm went down. The fall crushed his spine and he was killed. Next morning Dolf committed suicide.

■ How does a fellow get into such a business anyway?

George Hamid, head of the largest booking organization for outdoor show business, says the daredevil business is a family affair. Kids in the performing families grow up to it and frequently split off and form their own acts. Sometimes one European town will produce dozens of families all doing similar turns. The Wallendas, a famous high-wire troupe, and the Christianis, bareback-riding stars of the Ringling show, are two such families operating in this country. (It is Lucio Christiani who does the horse-to-horse backward somersault.)

The life of the daredevil is a nomadic one. These citizens usually inhabit trailers. They seldom vote, and

PHOTOGRAPH BY VERN FROM PI›

et are as little known as a deceased vice-president **BY LEE ROGOW**

they have little concern for politics or government above the level of the local sheriff.

A daredevil, you may be surprised to learn, does not believe in taking chances—that is, *unknown* chances. It is because of meticulous caution that some featured performers have been able to enjoy periods of activity far beyond the expectations of the average professional athlete. "Peejay" Ringens, one of the standard outdoor acts, rides a tiny bicycle down an inclined chute 100 feet long and plummets into a shallow tank of water. If you see this hale gentleman at a fair this summer, you won't believe he's on the rocking-chair side of 60. Ira Millet, a performer on the high pole, has a grown son and daughter in the business; and Con Colleano, still one of the few gents around who complete a forward somersault on the high wire, is a grandpappy. The wonder of them all is Mike Cahill, a single high-trapeze act, who is still doing giant swings and breakaway ankle drops at the age of 69.

■ I have said daredevils are cautious. This isn't entirely true. Every once in a while there happens along a performer who seems to be possessed with some demon which actually makes him court death. Some of these are so terrifying that not even veteran circus people can stand to watch their acts.

The most fantastic of these was Blondin (Jean François Gravelet), a Frenchman who astounded North America with his wire-walking accomplishments shortly after the Civil War. Blondin walked across Niagara Falls on a rope 1,000 feet long stretched 170 feet above the chasm. Then he did the same stunt while pushing a man in a wheelbarrow before him. This incredible Frenchman also carried a small stove out to the middle of the rope, fried an omelet, and then ate it, all while balancing himself above the roaring Falls!

In 1875, Blondin performed his greatest and maddest trick. He walked a rope stretched between the main and mizzen masts of the steamship Poonah while the vessel was under way, steaming at 13 knots, and rolling heavily in a rough sea.

Blondin's modern counterpart was the madcap Alfredo Codona of the Flying Codonas, without question the greatest trapeze performer who ever wore tights. Alfredo was the first and only performer who ever completed the triple somersault in the air. Until he achieved the triple flip in 1922 it was generally considered impossible. Other acts have claimed to be doing a triple, but veteran circus people insist they never do more than a two-and-a-half. Performers say something happens to a man when he goes beyond two and a half turns. The force of the spin necessary to carry him around causes the flyer to black out, and he has to rely entirely on the catcher to make the contact and the catch. The flyer, incidentally, is traveling through the air at a speed estimated to be 50 miles an hour.

Not content with performing his unbelievable triple, Alfredo added a fillip which really made ice crystals form in the blood of everybody around the big show. A couple of times a season Alfredo would deliberately propel himself beyond the usual distance, so that he finished his third somersault well out of the catcher's reach. As the crowd gasped, his pink-clad figure dropped toward the earth. A few feet above the sawdust, Alfredo would come out of his black-out, reach out and grasp one of the supporting ropes of the net, using the line to break his fall and swing himself lightly to the ground.

Alfredo never missed that triple, but the strain of that hand-to-hand catch at 50 miles an hour eventually proved his undoing. One evening in Madison Square Garden he felt his shoulder go as the catch was made. "Let me down easy," he called to his brother Lalo, the catcher in the act. "My shoulder's out." The audience never knew anything had gone wrong, but that was Alfredo's last performance.

He died a natural death in retirement shortly thereafter. Enforced idleness did to him what his matchless daring could not.

■ The irony of the daredevil's profession is that he must face death many more times when he is practicing than when he is getting paid for it. He can do it at 14 or 15 shows a week. What's more, he can go on right after some friend in the act before him got seriously smashed up. And not only that, he can smile at the audience as he does it.

That, you will agree, is quite a trick. But the odd part of it is that this trick alone is not enough to guarantee a performer a spot on the big time. The only performers who get heavy sugar for flirting with death are the ones who have figured out some way to slick it up. You've got to almost die with showmanship before you rate the $500 and $1,000 a day the top acts receive. Get yourself shot out of a cannon, do a somersault on a high wire with your baby in your arms, hang from a trapeze with your mother-in-law in your teeth, and the booking agents will be glad to talk to you.

If you just want to die, they won't even answer the phone.

After all, as the old show-business joke goes—what will you do for an encore? ■ ■

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

The net finally closes in on Chick, bringing him face to face again with his impersonator and with Cora

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

SYNOPSIS

■ I arrived home that Wednesday night to find a man with my face occupying my place, and my wife Cora, and her brother Buster Cox (my business partner), and his wife Ethelene denying they knew me; even my bull terrier, Jiggs, attacking me. When a cop I called found that the fingerprints on my army identification card were those of the man with my face, I was altogether sunk.

That night I slept in the woods, thereby contracting oak poisoning which, though irritating, made a fine disguise.

A lunch-wagon radio told of a bank messenger in Los Angeles named Albert Rand, who had murdered a bank guard and escaped with two million dollars in government bonds, and was now posing as Charles Bruce Graham—me!

So I hunted up Walt and Mary Davis. I had known them before I went into the army and Mary and I had corresponded. Now I remembered it was after Buster Cox became my squadron's mail clerk that Mary's letters had gradually ceased.

I was a shavetail and Buster a pfc. when we first met. He had mistaken me for a friend—a Bert Rand! After the war, I married Cora, and he married Ethelene.

So Buster, my wife, and Ethelene were in cahoots with Bert Rand—the man with my face!

Mary, Walt, and I tried to figure things out. In wartime, fingerprints *could* have been switched. But how about my dog attacking me? Then I remembered Bill Meadows, and that twice the previous evening I had seen him with a big Doberman. Bill was a dog breeder and could have supplied a substitute for Jiggs.

And then we saw Meadows and the dog at the front door. I managed to get away. The next day I called Walt, and he said Mary was on her way to meet me, as I had asked. Then I knew the gang had her. For I had not asked Mary to meet me!

PART FIVE

■ The two obvious places for Mary to be would be Buster's apartment or the office.

"Cox and Graham, the Cogram System," I told the taxi driver. "It's on Mission."

When the taxi pulled up below the office, I jumped out and told the driver to wait.

I ran up the stairs to that familiar door. I got out my key, rammed it into the lock, twisted it, and barged in.

Ethelene was at the desk. She whirled, eyes wide, and I got a hand over her mouth just in time. She struggled, trying to knee me. I hit her, hard, in the stomach, and she doubled onto the floor.

I slid up to the door of the back office, and then went through fast. Rand and Buster and Bill Meadows were evidently still waiting for me on Bush Street. The back office was empty, except that Mary was there, her arms and legs lashed to a chair, a gag in her mouth and a blindfold over her eyes.

"Mary, it's me." I cut her arms free and she got a handful of my hair and almost scalped me before I got the blindfold off. I cut the rest of the twine while she got rid of the gag. We went out to the front office. Ethelene was still on the floor.

I said, "Kidnaping's no joke," as she opened her mouth. She closed it and took a deep shaky breath. I dialed the phone and got Walt on the line. I told him everything was under control. Then Mary and I got out of there.

"Golden Gate Park," I told the taxi driver. He was just shifting into high gear when Mary broke, clinging to me and sobbing.

■ Near the corner of Franklin and Fell we got out. I phoned Walt, told him to meet us in a hurry.

"I was such a silly fool," Mary said, as we waited. "I walked right into their hands."

"I didn't phone you."

"Your voice did."

"You mean Rand's? His voice is entirely different from mine."

READING TIME

23 MINUTES

"That's what you think. Anyhow, he didn't say much. The voice I thought was yours told me to go to a place on Bush Street. When I got there, *he* was there. Chick, it was horrible. That face, your face, just like yours before you got the poison oak."

"Was Rand there alone?"

"No. Buster and Bill Meadows were on deck, and that big dog. Bill Meadows told me the dog would tear me to pieces if I made a sound. He took me to your office and tied me up. It seemed days before you came. Why is Walt coming to meet us?"

"I've got an idea."

When Walt arrived, he and Mary hugged each other.

"Will you and Mary do something for me?" I asked Walt.

"What do you want us to do?" he asked.

"I'd like both of you to go to Los Angeles and find out who Rand's dentist is; talk with people who knew him. Can you get off from work?"

"We'll take off," Mary said. "How will we keep in contact?"

"Write me General Delivery here. Air mail takes only a few hours. Go to the airport right now. Have you got enough for plane fare?"

Walt was thumbing through his billfold. "I've got enough to get us down there, but that's all."

"I'll have money for you tomorrow." I talked fast. "I can prove I was overseas when Rand was making his mysterious trips to L. A. Have you got Major Jody's address?"

"It's in the apartment—in a little green address book in the desk drawer. Maybe I'd better go—"

"No; I want you to get to L. A. right away. Find the dates Rand showed up there. I can get the address book."

"O.K.," Walt said. "Here's the keys."

I hurried them into a taxi and waved good-by.

■ I walked to Mary's apartment, guessing Rand and Buster and Bill would be at the office figuring the next move. I went up the back way. The apartment had been ransacked.

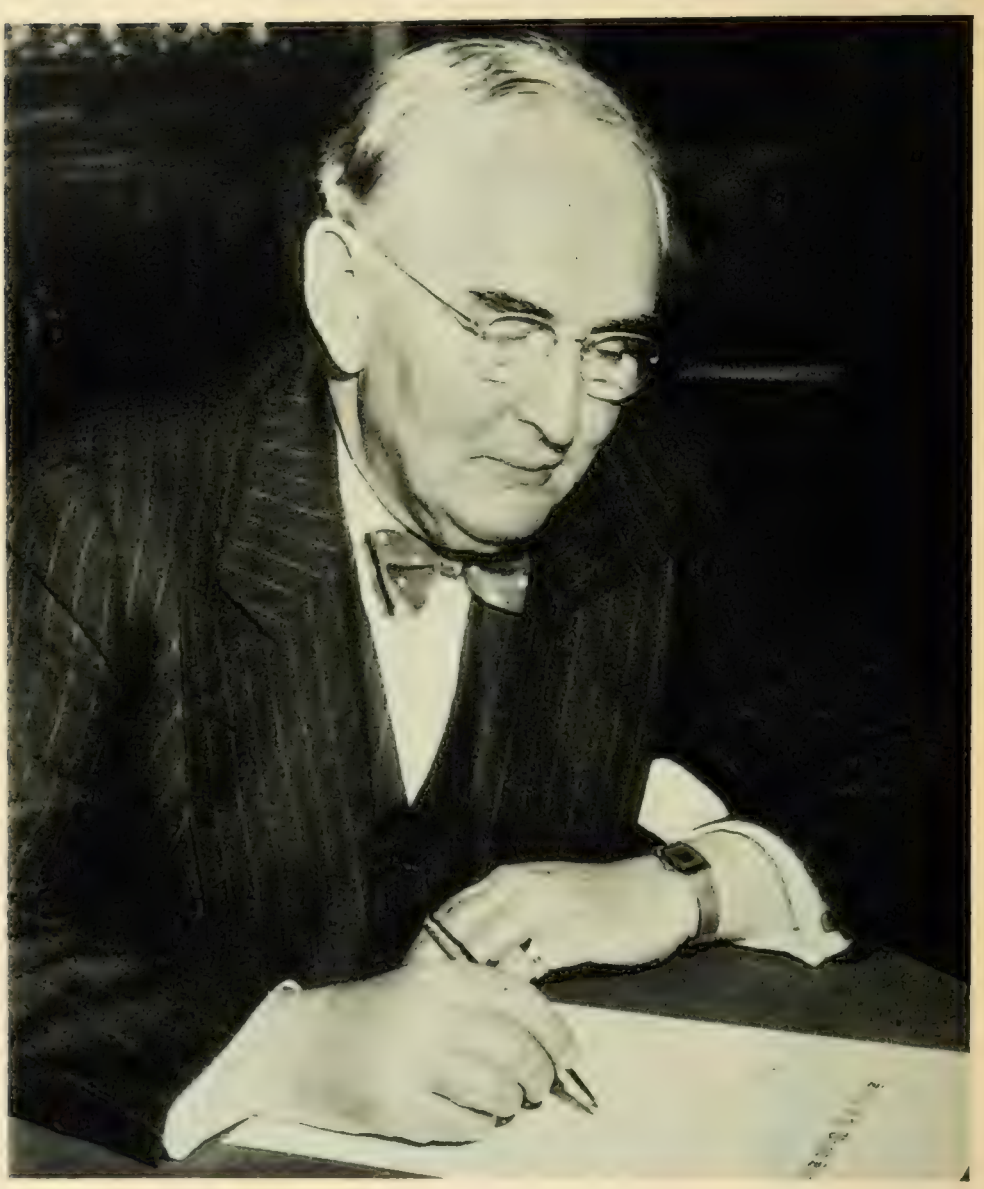
The radio was on; it had probably drowned the noise of the search. I pawed around in the mess awhile, and then gave up. Of course they would have taken the address book.

I wrote out a check to C. Bramwell Greene for $73.45, signed it, grinning. Albert Rand was sitting on two million dollars in stolen war bonds, but he couldn't cash them. Every newspaper in the land had carried their serial numbers. Meanwhile, it would be a pleasure to make Rand finance me. In stepping into my shoes he had taken over my bank account. That bank account now held, according to my check stubs, exactly $58.16. And tomorrow $54.10 of that was due for the monthly payment on my

(Continued on page 64)

Rand knocked the girl unconscious, drove to the cliff, set the hand throttle, and leaped from the car.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT



■ There is one politician who really does not want to be President of the United States, yet he is more likely to get the office than those who are panting for it. Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg of Michigan would prefer to keep on being Senator Vandenberg. We argued the point one morning in the senator's office.

"What if there is a deadlock in the convention and the delegates turn to you?" I asked

"I have said that no man can refuse if he is drafted," the senator answered. "However, no man can be drafted in these times unless he connives. I am not going to connive."

Then he added, smiling, "I would rather have the minister say at my grave, 'What a great President he would have been!' than to have the office and fail. . . . The Presidency has become a totally impossible task for any man, just as the government has become a Frankenstein monster, hydra-headed."

"Senator," I put in, "they tell me that you could not work harder than you do now, in any case."

"That's absolutely true."

"Then you might as well have the fun of being President."

The senator laughed in delight. "Well, there's something in that," he admitted, "but it isn't fun."

That is true. The Presidency would be no fun for Vandenberg, nor would it necessarily add to his influence and prestige. He is in the direct line of the great senators whose personalities come at the beck of memory when the Presidents under whom they served are only names for schoolboys to study.

As president pro tem of the Senate, he sits in a high place above the tumult of the floor, making his rulings with stern but friendly justice. On

Meet Senator Vandenberg, who refuses to "connive" for the nomination, but could be the Republican candidate if a convention deadlock arises

BY ALDEN HATCH

great occasions he leaves the dais and takes the floor himself. Then the Chamber echoes to oratory in its own great tradition, and its members crowd in from the cloakrooms to attend and learn.

In his unofficial hours he is a kindly gentleman who meets people more than halfway. The callers at his office are enchanted by his casual friendliness and his wit. Best of all he likes to sit and sip a drink and talk through a long evening, letting his mind meander about the earth. However, though he be leaning back in his swivel office chair, or lounging at home, or sitting in a crowded restaurant, he still occupies a high place. For he sees things in the large and lifts a trivial topic to importance by his view of it, while even his careless speech has the distinction of fine English prose.

Senator Vandenberg was not always such a figure. Even after he became a senator, his colleagues thought him rather pompous, a sort of Middle Western Claghorn. His style of speaking was orotund and his contributions of ordinary quality. The Senator from Michigan needed a cause to strike sparks from his mind. In one thing only did his latent ability suddenly flash out. That was when he drove through the Federal Bank Deposit Insurance Act. "That is my proudest accomplishment," the senator said to me.

READING TIME

13 MINUTES

"The New Deal tried to claim it," I reminded him.

"They won't get away with it," Vandenberg answered grimly. "Roosevelt was violently opposed to it. He wrote me a strong letter against it. That does not leave them much of a case."

Being a member of the tiny Republican minority in the riotous days of the New Deal was a negative position for any senator. As the European picture became blacker in the late '30s, Vandenberg became ever more fiercely vocal on the dangers of internationalism. His great hero in the Senate was William E. Borah of Idaho, whose faith in American isolation never admitted a doubt.

Vandenberg was an avowed contender for the Presidency in 1940, but he was far behind the times and was never more than a minor contender. During the darkening days of 1941 he continued violently to oppose American participation in the war. His mind was emotionally locked against the awful logic of history. He was blind to the peril.

As he himself says, it was Pearl Harbor that started his change from isolationism to his present position. "Every development, minute by minute, following [Pearl Harbor] demonstrated that in this foreshortened world no nation could be sufficient unto itself," the senator said. "I am not one who is an internationalist for the sake of internationalism. An internationalist is one who prefers world government. I am an internationalist, in whatever degree you could call me that, from what I consider intelligent American self-interest. If it were possible to live within ourselves, I would *still* be for living that way. I was what was called a nationalist because I believed in self-sufficiency. I thought then that I was consulting the intelligent self-interest of the United States. I still am so. While there is a change in direction, there is no change in the basis.

"I crossed the ocean seven times in one year. All seven trips put together would just about equal one pre-Pearl Harbor trip. The world has not only narrowed in space but, with the concept of atomic warfare, it has narrowed in time. War has become a matter of minutes."

That is the senator's own story of the remarkable change that came about in his thinking during the grim years of war. It was on January 10, 1945, that he publicly voiced his new attitude. That was the first of his great speeches in the Senate, speeches which rank with the eloquence of Daniel Webster and the logic of John Randolph. In essence, the speech was both a plan and an exposition of the necessity for American co-operation with other nations in peace as in war.

■ Coming from the archisolationist, it had an enormous impact. It resolved once and for all the overshadowing doubt as to whether the United States would continue to participate in world settlement after the war. It was the action of a brave and honest man who acknowledged that his former beliefs had become untenable in a shrinking world.

President Roosevelt, in high delight at having his fears of another League of Nations fight removed, appointed Senator Vandenberg a delegate to the San Francisco Conference at which the United Nations was born.

Historians will find that world events in the 1940s were profoundly influenced by a strong and fruitful friendship. Arthur Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles are almost as close as Damon and Pythias, though they began by seeming as antipathetic as milk and kerosene. Dulles, a member of Thomas Dewey's pseudo brain trust, first took note of Vandenberg as a rival candidate in 1940. He was not impressed. In fact, the Dewey crowd considered Vandenberg a pushover.

The first meeting between Dulles and Vandenberg occurred early in 1944. Dewey, who expected to be the Republican nominee, sent Dulles to confer with Vandenberg—the leader of the isolationists—and Warren Austin—the white hope of liberal Republicans—on the foreign-policy plank of the platform for the coming campaign. Dulles and Vandenberg were unable to reach common ground.

■ In August, 1944, Republican candidate Dewey sent Dulles to Secretary of State Cordell Hull to confer on taking part of the foreign policy out of politics—the genesis of the bipartisan foreign policy. At the same time the governor begged Vandenberg to call on Dulles. Vandenberg went very unwillingly. But at that meeting they found a common ground on which to co-operate.

Today they make a great team. Dulles has the experience and background of an international lawyer; Vandenberg has great breadth of vision and the ability to dramatize an idea in stirring words. The senator's besetting sin is impetuosity, while Dulles' legalistic caution makes him overdeliberate. Thus they supplement and balance each other.

Another important result of this friendship is a complete co-ordination in the foreign-policy views of Governor Dewey and Senator Vandenberg with Dulles as co-ordinator. Though they started as rivals, Dewey and Vandenberg have become great friends and allies who work together for what they believe to be the best interests of their country. In the convention they will act in concert, wielding a great, enlightened power.

Ever since the San Francisco Conference, Vandenberg has been the most important factor in molding American foreign policy outside of the administration. He was a member of the American delegation to most of the important conferences. He is the voice of the Republican Party on foreign affairs. On February 27, 1946, Vandenberg's speech in the Senate set the key for the abandonment of appeasement of Russia. Later, when President Truman announced the policy that now bears his name, it was Vandenberg who suggested the modifications which brought it under the aegis of the United Nations. Then, as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he explained the necessity for the Greek-Turkish loan in his greatest speech before the Senate. He made it plain that, though the purpose of the loan was consonant

(Continued on page 62)

LIBERTY PICKS MOVIES ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS

ALL MY SONS

■ Arthur Miller's powerful play, which ran for nine months on Broadway and was selected by the New York Critics Circle as the best dramatic offering of the 1946-47 season, benefits from the broader scope permitted by the screen. Edward G. Robinson, an old hand at giving effective performances, gives one of his best as a small-town plane-parts manufacturer who, in his greed for money, was responsible for the death of 21 flyers during the war. Burt Lancaster

Louisa Horton, Edward G. Robinson, Mady Christians, Burt Lancaster star in film.

RUTHLESS

■ Zachary Scott, who played the poorest man in the world four years ago in The Southerner, now plays the wealthiest man in Arthur Lyons' first solo production. The story of Horace Woodruff Vendig, whose gods are money and power and who thinks nothing of destroying those who are kind to him, makes for good entertainment. Scott gives a top-notch performance as the ruthless, ambitious Vendig, a performance that may well be remembered at the next Academy

Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, and Zachary Scott in a tense scene from Ruthless.

SITTING PRETTY

■ Suave, sophisticated Clifton Webb of the neat creases and the acid wit as a baby sitter? It just couldn't be. But it is, and what's more, there hasn't been such a mirth-making comedy out of Hollywood in ages. The story, adapted from the book Belvedere by Gwen Davenport, concerns the efforts of a young couple, Maureen O'Hara and Robert Young, to find a baby sitter for their three obstreperous young sons. In desperation, Maureen advertises for a resident sitter; expects a

Clifton Webb as a baby sitter can do everything—the baby's wash for example.

lays off the muscle-man stuff for this film and delivers a solid characterization of the sensitive, idealistic ex-soldier son of a profiteering father. The screen has afforded no better dramatic scenes than those in which Lancaster visits his father's betrayed partner (Frank Conroy) in jail, and then later charges his father, whom he has always adored, with treachery. Mady Christians gives a warm touch as the grieving mother. Newcomer Louisa Horton and Howard Duff (The Naked City) stand out in a well-nigh perfect cast. Under the direction of Universal-International's Irving Reis, the picture loses none of the dramatic dynamite that marked the play.

Robinson is well cast as the go-getter factory owner. Lancaster plays the son.

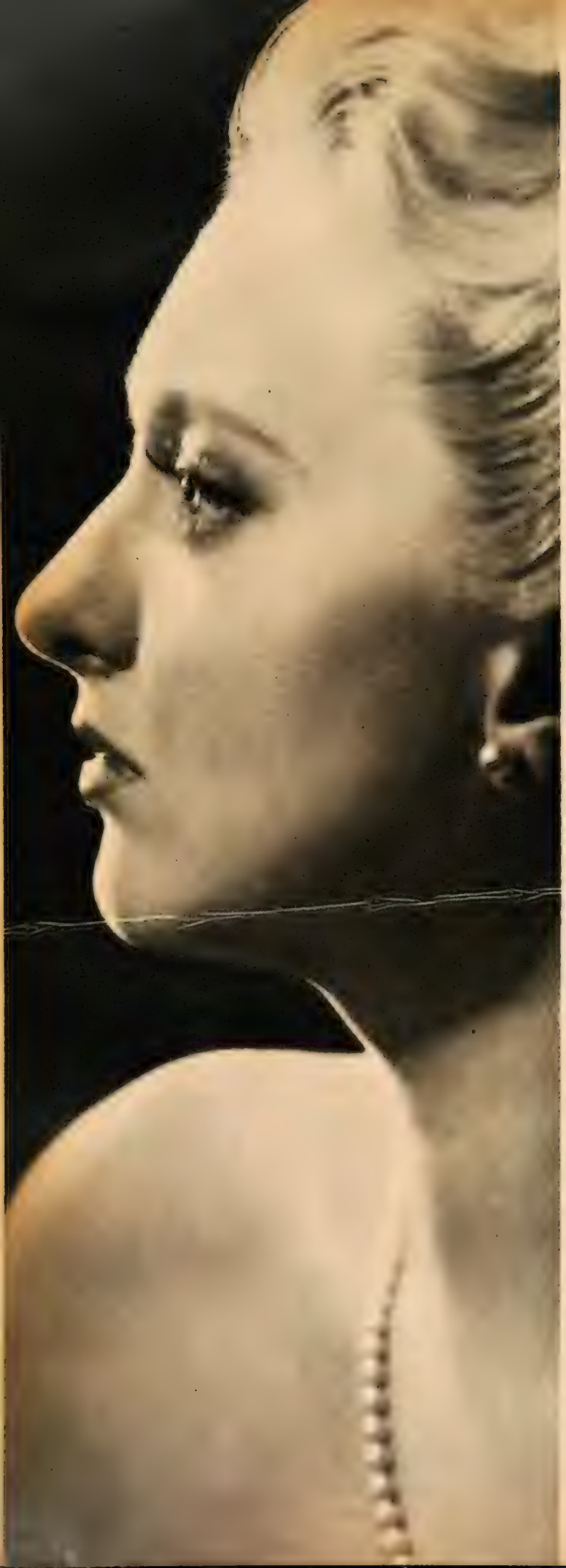
Award time. As Scott's associate, Louis Hayward contributes a well-rounded performance. Sydney Greenstreet, for the first time in his 42 years in films, plays a love scene on the screen. The object of his affections is his double-crossing young wife, played by Lucille Bremer, who kicks aside her dancing slippers and goes in for dramatics. This Eagle-Lion film also marks the first time that pert Diana Lynn plays a grown-up role. But it is the second time a press agent's novel has reached the screen this year. First, Russell Janney's The Miracle of the Bells. And now Dayton Stoddart's Prelude to Night, retitled Ruthless for the film.

Sydney Greenstreet (center) loses his young wife and his fortune to Scott.

woman; gets Clifton Webb complete with crew cut. He proves to be a genius at baby sitting. He soon has the youngest boy eating his cereal instead of flinging it at others, and the two older boys standing on their heads for hours doing Yogi exercises. All is peaceful until the suburban snoop (prim-lipped Richard Haydn) starts a spicy bit of gossip about Maureen and the sitter. Hilarious climax comes when Clifton's book is published exposing all the foibles of the suburbanites of Hummingbird Hill. Director Walter Lang hasn't missed a laugh. It would have been so easy to have overdone the more farcical scenes. Hats off to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Maureen O'Hara adores her sitter, but husband Robert Young wishes he'd leave.

For other movies worth seeing, see page 8



THE TALKING CANARY

Celeste Holm, long a wow in musicals, convinces Hollywood and the Academy Award moguls that she can handle dialogue and drama

■ Celeste Holm isn't sure whom she has to thank for the role of Anne Dettrey, the regular-fellow fashion editor in Gentleman's Agreement. She first heard about Anne from playwright Moss Hart at the Brown Derby one night when she was deep in a bowl of chile. Hart had come west at the invitation of Darryl F. Zanuck to write the script of the Laura Z. Hobson novel. "Anne is a wonderful part for you," said Hart. Then added, "But it's only a supporting part." Celeste took the role and performed so ably that she won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award as the best supporting actress of the year.

Blonde, bouncy, blue-eyed Celeste, who likes to make pretty little speeches, thanked producer Zanuck for permitting her to play in such a distinguished picture. "Don't thank me," said Mr. Zanuck, "thank Mr. Kazan." Elia Kazan directed the film. When she thanked him, he just smiled. Celeste is confused but grateful.

Before Gentleman's Agreement she was well on her way to being typed as a canary who could give with the comedy. Hollywood had heard all the shouting about her in the Broadway musical successes, Oklahoma! and Bloomer Girl. They spotted her in two Technicolor musicals, Three Little Girls in Blue and Carnival in Costa Rica. This sort of thing might have gone on for years if it hadn't been for Gentleman's Agreement.

She is to appear next in another dramatic role, the demented Grace of The Snake Pit, which stars Olivia de Havilland. It's a minor part, but she wanted it. From now on it will be extremely difficult for Zanuck and the casting department to think of her as anything but a dramatic actress. That is too bad, for she is a fine comedienne. But Celeste isn't worrying. Changing horses in midstream is an old routine with her.

She was coming along nicely as a dramatic actress, with 11 plays to her credit, when four years ago she had a hunch that she would be happy if she got a part in the musical version of Green Grow the Lilacs, which later became Oklahoma! The Theater Guild, with raised eyebrows, gave her an audition. She sang Grieg and Schubert. Composer Richard Rodgers said, "That's pretty, but can you sing loud and funny?"

"Seven years of voice lessons went right out of the window," says Celeste with a laugh. "I sang loud and funny and I got the job."

After the opening night of Oklahoma! all New York became Celeste Holm-conscious. Hollywood scouts got out their pens that write on dotted lines. She signed with Twentieth Century-Fox in June, 1944, and after a year and three months of playing Ado Annie in Oklahoma! went to the Coast. The studio had nothing ready for her, so Celeste returned to New York to play the starring role in Bloomer Girl.

Celeste, who is five feet six inches, with 125 well-proportioned pounds, is probably Hollywood's

(Continued on page 63)

READING TIME

5 MINUTES

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION ~ *Reading Time . . . One Evening*

That Uganda

BY MERLE MILLER

A powerful story of three soldiers home again—

with a different war to fight

THAT WINTER

BY MERLE MILLER

■ We all drank too much that winter, some to forget the neuroses acquired in the war just ended, others in anticipation of those expected from the next, but most of us simply because we liked to drink too much.

Of the three of us who shared the apartment, Ted, Lew, and myself—Peter—only Ted had had much trouble with liquor before the war, and his alcoholic escapades were reasonably common among young men who had too much money, not enough to do, and a great deal of energy. Nothing serious.

We entertained more than we could afford. I used to like to think that our apartment was too conveniently located; it was in the Murray Hill district on Lexington. The living room, which had served as a studio for several unsuccessful artists, was two stories high, had a dirty skylight, almost forty feet wide and sixty feet long, and was always dark. Someone once described it as a perfect setting for a Charles Addams cartoon. Lew and Ted shared a one-window, two-bed room off the studio next to an ancient bath. A creaking, uncarpeted staircase led to a tiny kitchen in which little cooking could be done because, as soon as the gas stove was lighted, it became unbearably hot. It didn't matter much; we seldom ate anything except breakfast in the apartment. My own bedroom, next to the kitchen, usually smelled of unwashed dishes.

The evening I first met Richard Westing was on a Sunday in October. He had been at another cocktail party before ours, and was already showing the effects of the liquor. His wife was completely sober.

I was prepared to be impressed by Westing. He was from Iowa for one thing, from a small town only about fifty miles from my own, and he had attended the university and, when I was an undergraduate, had certainly been the most illustrious of the younger alumni.

Westing didn't look much more than thirty. He had one of those button-nosed, impish faces that seldom age much until late and then all at once become tired and faded.

I introduced myself, and he shook my hand firmly; there is an illusion, which Westing apparently shared, that a firm handshake somehow indicates strength in a man. His wife only smiled and nodded. I recall thinking at that time that she was a remarkably plain woman. And later, when trying to describe her, about all I could ever remember was that she had a broad smile and a gracious manner. She was obviously several years older than Westing.

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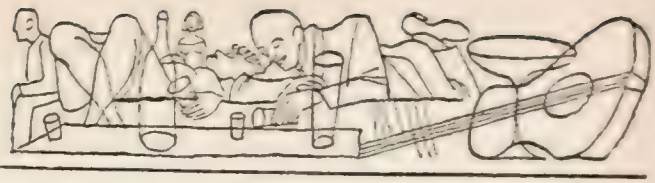


ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

"You're Peter," he said. I learned later that he called everyone by his first name immediately after an introduction. "I liked your novel."

I smiled foolishly; I never know what to say to a compliment that isn't deserved. My novel had been hurriedly written while I was on duty in Paris. It had been published in the early spring of 1945, and it had sold slightly fewer than two thousand copies.

"You had something to say," Westing continued. "That's important."

He said no more about the book, but we talked for a few minutes, about this popular writer or that; he knew them all. He spoke the jargon of a small group in New York of which Ted, Lew, and I were on the periphery. and he spoke it well. Around nine, after some of the guests had left, I sat down next to Martha Westing, who was alone on a divan.

"Will you have a drink?" I asked.

"Thanks, no," she said, smiling as if she was grateful for my speaking to her. "I understand you're from Iowa," she added. "So's my husband."

"Yes, I know."

"Incidentally, I enjoyed your novel. You'll probably write a better one one of these days, but it had a lot of promise."

"Mr. Westing was very kind too," I said.

"Oh, was he?" Her face was suddenly cold. "He'd never heard of you or the book until we were on the stairs coming up here." My face flushed a little. "He tells that to all the boys. You never know who'll be rich and famous, do you? My husband," she went on, "is addicted to what I understand you called brown-nosing in the Army. That's one of the many secrets of his success." I was still suitably silent.

"I suppose I'm presuming on our short acquaintance," she continued, "but I won't apologize. I'm that rarest of all things, an honest woman. I guess it's a reaction against my husband." She would have gone on, and I wished she could have. But there was an interruption.

It was Ted Hamilton, of course—Theodore Johnstone Hamilton IV, one of my two roommates. It was a little early for Ted's fight; I would have expected it in an hour or so, probably with a tardy waiter in some restaurant where we'd gone for a late supper, or with a headwaiter who would try but not succeed in ushering him from the room. Someone would always tell the headwaiter who Ted was. But this was Ted's fight, all right; he was arguing loudly and drunkenly with a Groton-Harvard man who was his friend and his guest, or who had been Ted's friend until a minute or so ago.

He struck the Groton-Harvard man a second time. "Hit me back. Prove you can fight, you bastard."

The Groton-Harvard man looked pityingly and, at the same time, despisingly at Ted's clenched left fist and at the nervous stump that remained of his right arm. Then he walked away; his wife met him at the door. The few remaining guests, including the Westings, were leaving too.

"I'm sorry," I said. The Harvard man smiled.

"I understand," he replied, but he didn't.

Just after the door closed on them, Ted collapsed. I knew he wouldn't be hurt, and the next morning he would have forgotten about the fight, and the next time he saw the Groton-Harvard man, it wouldn't be mentioned. No one ever mentioned his fights to Ted.

■ It was on the Saturday following that Dick Westing called me.

"How about lunch?" he wanted to know.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Westing," I said, "but today's my busy day. I'm eating lunch at the office."

"Call me Dick," Westing ordered. "Listen, I'm at Twenty-one. Grab a cab and join me for a drink."

"Well," I said, and was tempted, "well . . ."

After Westing hung up, there were several moments when I considered calling Twenty-one to say that I couldn't spare the time, but I knew I would go, and I knew why. Dick interested me, and Dick could be a powerful friend in New York—and powerful enemy.

Westing had had several drinks by the time I arrived. He summoned a waiter.

"Doubles," he said.

"No, honestly," I protested. "I've got to work."

"Doubles," he repeated. We each had two doubles before lunch and a brandy, also double, after lunch.

"I hadn't read your novel the other night," he said. "I have since. My wife had it; she reads everything. It's a pretty good book."

"Thanks," I said.

"Hell of an honest book," he went on, "and that's important." I nodded. "Writing a novel now?"

"Not right now," I said. "I'm thinking about it."

"Why the hell don't you just sit down and write it?" I shrugged. "That's the way I did my second book, bought myself a hunk of paper and sat down and wrote. You like my second book?"

"You bet," I said, with honesty.

"Why the hell you horsing around up at that news magazine? No good for you. You need money? I can probably get you an advance some place."

"Not right now," I said. "Thanks."

It was a long lunch. He asked me about my plans and I said, "I'm getting rehabilitated"—the standard gag.

He said casually, "You made quite a hit with my wife." He hesitated. "You're a good kid."

I rose, said my thanks for everything, and he waved an exaggerated goodbye and told the waiter he'd have just one more double brandy, he believed.

■ On Tuesday I was home alone. Until the Army, I'd always enjoyed being alone, had been for days at a time. But in four years I had established a habit, and I found it difficult to be alone with myself just then. I called a couple of researchers at the magazine that I'd dated once or twice before, but they didn't answer, and almost all the other girls I knew were at work. I thought briefly of Joan Murdock, then I remembered our fight.

It must have been about six that afternoon when Lew Cole came in with a girl I didn't know. She was almost lovely. Her name was Jane Walker. Lew mixed her and himself a drink. I said I wouldn't have one just then, thanks. The girl seated herself at the piano, and she sang, softly, some of the music from *Oklahoma!*

"I saw your friend Westing this afternoon," said Lew. "He's em-ceeing some question-and-answer show tonight; I guess he came up to the studios for a rehearsal. The bastard didn't even remember me."

A few minutes passed with only the girl's voice and the sound of the piano that needed tuning. Then Lew again.

"Jane's from Cleveland. She wants to break into radio."

"Or the theateh," said Miss Walker, the "r" much too inaudible for a young lady from Cleveland, Ohio. "Are you from New York?" turning to me and smiling for my especial benefit.

"Not originally," I said, "but now I am. How do you like New York?"

"Just fine. Most things I like. But it's just so big, and everybody's running some place."

"Yes," I said, "everybody's always running some place. The town's filled with bright young men and brittle young women."

"Bright and brittle," repeated Miss Walker. "Oh, you mean all the people who talk with their hands." And she made an unattractive gesture with her own delicate hands. There was a sustained silence in the room.

"The Jews," she said, clear, emphatic, final. Lew cleared his throat, and I snapped my fingers in a way I have when I am nervous. "I don't care much for the Jews," she continued, with the air of one who has said the last possible word on the matter. Then she looked at Lew and me again. "You aren't either of you Jews, are you? I mean, I—"

"I think, Miss Walker," I said, "that you'd better get the hell out of here before I kick your lovely little behind all the way downstairs."

"Well, really," said Miss Walker, rising. "Well, really."

"Peter, you ought to be ashamed," said Lew, helping her on with her coat.

"Yeah," I said, and my voice trembled. "Yeah."

Lew closed the door after them quietly, and it must have been daylight the next morning when he returned.

I had known Lew for some time before he told me his name wasn't Cole. He was public relations officer for a division with which I spent a little time just after it moved into Germany. We were sitting in the basement of a bombed-out house playing gin rummy by a lamp so dim we could hardly see the cards. Neither of us was able to sleep. I don't think I ever slept more than five hours a night all the time I was in the Army, especially after Wenisloski's death.

Lew told me about his family. He had that strong family love which exists among most Jewish people, and I understood how honestly sorry he was when he first discovered that he regretted his father's rather pronounced accent and the fact that his mother did not have the tall slimness so common among the mothers of his college friends. I understood, too, how his parents must have felt when he told them that he wasn't going to join his father's prosperous Los Angeles jewelry firm, that instead he was going to New York to become a writer.

■ The next day Lew and I had breakfast together. Both of us were careful not to mention what had happened the afternoon before. He drank two large glasses of tomato juice liberally sprinkled with Worcestershire and three coffees without cream or sugar. I went downstairs to get the mail. There was a postcard from a girl named Gloria with a risque picture on one side and a message demanding to know why I hadn't called her. There was also a bill from a clothier, not Brooks Brothers, cautiously reminding me that the bill for the first three suits I'd charged after getting out of the Army was now overdue.

At eleven, I went across the street to the barbershop to make a phone call; we didn't have a telephone. I

had a shave and thought about whom I ought to call. I finally called Gloria, but she didn't answer; she might be working. Gloria acted, mostly at cocktail parties and in bed, but there were a lot of bad plays already, and more were on the way. Gloria might have a job. Then I called the office to see if I had any phone calls. I hadn't. Then I went to a bar around the corner and had a rye and water.

After that, I called Joan. I hadn't seen her for nearly a month, not since our last foolish, monumental quarrel.

"What're you doing?"

"Drawing little pictures of women with big breasts wearing lingerie." She was an almost successful commercial artist.

"Have a drink with me?"

"No lady ever drinks before sundown."

"But you're no——"

"Like they say, you haven't changed a bit. I'll put on my face and take off this negligee."

"Probably be a little chilly, just a face and no negligee."

"I like Fred Allen," she said.

"Meet you in half an hour," I said, and told her where I was.

Joan was one of my favorite girls just then. There were others, half a dozen others, maybe more. I suppose I might have married Joan shortly after we met; a lot of people were getting married. But I wasn't sure, and she was too frighteningly sure just then. Almost all unmarried girls seemed to be, that winter. Joan was interesting, but she wasn't exciting, and I felt I wanted excitement. And something else. I wasn't sure what.

We kissed and made up, and we had a wonderful day, ending at the theater. Then we walked to my apartment, slowly, holding hands, skipping once in awhile.

"It's been nice," Joan said suddenly.

"Yeah," I said. "Agree. We do have fun, don't we?"

"Yes," she said.

"I'm fond of you," I said. "I really am."

"Of all the words of tongue or pen," said Joan, "the one I like least is 'fond.'"

"I don't get it," I said, although I did.

I had hoped that nobody would be at the apartment, but Lew was. He was putting on his coat.

"They just called from Bill's Place," he said. "Callahan called the Rayburns." The Rayburns, who lived on the floor below us had a telephone. "Ted's over there. He's in some kind of jam."

"Well, that's my cue," said Joan. "I'll bow out now."

"Let me take you," I said.

"Not necessary. Those white slavers don't bother me any."

"Good night," I said. I tried to kiss her, but she resisted.

"I'll call you," I said.

"I won't hold my breath. Good night, Peter."

■ In the dingy dining room at Callahan's, Ted was lying on three straight-backed chairs which had been pushed together; there was a dirty pillow without a case under his head and a cloth over his eyes. Ted was out cold, and, when I lifted the cloth, I could see that one of his eyes was going to be black for quite a long time. But he was breathing regularly.

"Mr. Westing struck the poor lad," said Bill Callahan, "and him with only one arm."

"Why?" I asked.

"I was wonderin'," said Bill, rolling the story around on his tongue, "if they ought to have more drinks, but they was talkin' and arguin' and laughin', so I says nothin'. I'm noticin', though, that Mr. Westing's gettin' red in the face. Mr. Hamilton, poor lad, says somethin' I can't hear, Mr. Westing says somethin' back, and Mr. Hamilton calls Mr. Westing a son of a bitch. Mr. Westing says if he calls him that again he'll hit him. Mr. Hamilton says it again, and I was just steppin' up when Mr. Westing hits him right in the eye. Mr. Hamilton falls down."

"What happened to Westing?" I asked.

"I told him to leave and quick, too, and not to come back to Bill Callahan's again."

After we put Ted to bed that night, I sat in the living room for a while and had a couple of cigarettes, thinking Ted might waken and want to talk to someone, and it would be good, in case Lew didn't wake up, for me to be there. Ted needed someone; he always did. The door of his and Lew's bedroom was open, and I heard him moan once in his sleep, but that was all.

Let me tell you about Ted. From the time he was eight he had had an allowance of at least a hundred dollars a week and could always have more if he asked for it, which he usually did. His father remarried indecently rapidly after the death of Ted's mother. Ted spent a year and a half at Williams College. And that was important to him, not so much because of what he learned, but because, for the first time in his life, I imagine, he met someone who loved him—his roommate, Jack Hellman. Their friendship was a fine and unusual thing. Jack was killed on Iwo Jima.

Ted first learned about drinking in his early teens when, on a weekend with his father, he sampled some champagne and found it good, and his father thought it was rather cute, laughed a good deal at his drunken adolescent son.

After he returned from Europe, Ted began going down to his father's office. The office had no purpose except to nurture, to watch over, to add to, to protect his and his father's fortunes. There was nothing Ted could do there but stay out of the way. That was what everyone there wanted him to do.

When I left for work the morning after his fight with Dick Westing, Ted was sleeping. The entire left side of his face was a dirty green-black; his eye was a mass of blue and purple, and swollen. I thought of waking him to see if there was anything he wanted, but I didn't. That evening when I returned from the office, he had gone out. So I began working on a short story I'd had in mind since the day I'd been discharged at Fort Dix. I wanted to tell what it was like, the sudden freedom, the being a full human being again after nearly four years of being something less. But the story didn't go. It never would, because I was trying to write it without explaining about Eugene Wenisloski, and unless I explained my friendship with and the death of my best friend I couldn't write a story that had meaning.

■ Late the next afternoon I telephoned Joan and she joined me for a drink.

"You look wonderful," I said. She was wearing one of those soft black dresses and no decoration except for a large piece of costume jewelry at the waist.

"You look as if you might have had a night's sleep yourself," she said. "First time I've seen you in months when you looked as if you might have been born in the twentieth century." She added, "I'm pretty nasty. At times."

"You need another drink."

"Some day," she said, "there'll be problems another drink won't solve."

"We'll worry about that when we come to it," I said.

"You know what they say about modern man being obsolete," she said. "I have a feeling the same thing's wrong with your attitude. I sense a certain self-pity in you, and it's not becoming."

"I thought you might be the one girl who wouldn't try to make a man out of me if it kills you."

"Peter, I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Always be the little wise guy. There are too damned many little wise guys. People are going to get a little sick of it."

"Let's not get serious."

"You never seem to want to get serious. Maybe now's the time."

"Sounds like a popular song," I said. "Now's the time, hmm-uh-hmm," I hummed.

"Let's not make any more conversation," she said. "We've been doing it for quite a long time now. Doesn't add up to much."

"It's been fun," I said.

"Not always. Not now, for instance. I think maybe this is where I get off. Good night, Peter." She was rising.

I grabbed her hand. "Listen, baby," I said. "We're not having another fight, are we?"

"You think you're kind of cute, don't you, Peter? Okay. You are kind of cute, and you've had too many women and too much wine, and you're spoiled. I'm just hoping you aren't going to wake up some morning and find out you're old and bitter instead of young and bitter. Bitter old men are extremely unattractive. I've known a couple of them. Call me sometime when you're being serious. You might be nice if you were serious."

She tried to slam the door as she walked out, but it wouldn't slam.

I sat there for quite a while after she left, and at first I hated Joan, and then I hated myself, and then I had another drink. And then I had several more drinks.

I called Gloria. She was home, and I went up to her apartment with a bottle. It was nearly three when I left.

I found Ted in the living room of the apartment toying with a gun, an almost ridiculously small revolver.

"Who's the victim?" I asked. "Anybody I know?" Ted looked at me with the slow deliberation of a man who has had too many drinks and is trying to pretend he hasn't had any. He shrugged.

"Let me play with it," I said, reaching for the revolver.

"I don't think you ought to," he said. "I'd probably get mad if you did."

"What do you say we go to bed?" I suggested, expecting an argument.

"Okay." I followed him into the bedroom; Lew was sleeping. Ted put the gun under his pillow.

"Want to talk?" I asked.

"No. Might wake the roomie." His tongue was thick,

and the words blurred. He undressed, as usual leaving his clothes in a heap on the floor.

He was gone when I got up at nine.

After I got to the office, I twice reached for the phone to call Joan. I wanted to apologize for the night before, although I wasn't sure what, specifically, I should apologize for. Each time I changed my mind. When I started out for lunch, the phone rang. I didn't stop to answer it.

When I returned to my desk after lunch, there was a message from Martha Westing. It said that she wished me to come to her apartment immediately. It was very important. At the elevator, a copy boy ran up to tell me that Martha had called again.

■ Ted had called Lew a few minutes after the time my telephone rang and I didn't answer it.

"Can I see you?" Ted asked.

"Where are you?" Lew asked.

"Not sure," said Ted, hesitating, and then it came to him. Lew met him in ten minutes at the bar where Ted was drinking.

"What's on your mind, chum?" Lew asked.

"The apartment," Ted answered. "Rent's paid for a couple of months. Want you and Peter to stay there."

"What the hell you talking about?" Lew asked. "Where you going, on an extended binge?"

"Don't worry," Ted answered. "Don't worry."

"Look, old man, how about me taking you home and giving you a sleeping tablet? You need a rest. You look God-awful," Lew said.

"Been drinking," said Ted. "Okay, though. Don't worry about me. You got things on your mind. Busy. Busy. Everybody's busy. Except me. I'm not busy." And he giggled.

Lew was in the middle of a script, and that afternoon he was to talk to the sponsor of a show. It was to be a busy afternoon.

"You sure you're all right?" Lew asked.

"All right, fine," said Ted, shaking Lew's hand. So Lew went back to his work.

■ The afternoon was surely one that Martha Westing will never forget—nor any of the rest of us either.

Ted stood in the shadowy hallway, she explained, his camel's-hair coat muddy, and a streak of dirt on his face. He said that he had fallen down, and he apologized.

"I came to see Mr. Westing," he told her.

"He's not in; he'll be back in a little bit."

Ted turned to go. "Why don't you wait?" she asked.

Ted nodded, and she led him into the small den off the drawing room.

"How about a drink?" she asked. She apologized for the question later. "I could see he'd already had a lot," she said, "but that seems to be the only way to start a conversation these days."

"If you'll join me," he said.

"I'm kind of a nondrinking type," she said.

Ted showed his disappointment, so she had one with him. He finished it quickly, and had two more.

Then she asked, "Why did you want to see my husband?"

Ted shrugged. "Maybe wanted to apologize. Don't know. Might be. But he is a bastard, you know." Martha smiled.

"Don't care any more," he said. "Don't care about him any more." Martha saw him looking longingly at the Scotch, and she poured him his fourth drink.

"You ever see a dead man?" he asked suddenly "Anybody ever see a dead man? Mean a guy that's just been killed. Somebody you know. Quite a sight. Never forget it, I bet."

For a moment, Martha said, she was terrified. There was something about Ted's remark that seemed threatening. "I guess I never have," she said casually.

"I'm drunk," he announced with dignity. "Been drunk lots times. Never drunker'n this."

The telephone rang then, in the next room, and Martha waited for the maid to answer it, but then it rang a second time.

"Excuse me," she said, "I'll be back in a minute." Ted tried to rise but couldn't.

Martha had just picked up the phone when she heard the shot. She put down the phone, closed her eyes, and waited until she had the strength to return to the den. When she opened the door of the den, she swayed for a moment. Most women would have fainted.

Then she turned around and went to the telephone again, first calling the police, then her husband, who was at his publishers, then me.

A policeman let me into the apartment when I rang, and the first person I saw was Dick Westing. He was pale, and his hands were trembling—but he was alive.

And I said automatically, "Thank God. I'm glad."

It took me a while to realize that Ted was dead.

It must have been an hour before Lew arrived. He had been recording a show and hadn't heard what happened until he left the studio where he'd been working. Someone in the hall asked him if he wasn't a friend of Ted's. He nodded.

"How'd he happen to do it?"

"Do what?" asked Lew, suddenly cold and afraid.

"Shoot his brains out. And, of all places, in Dick Westing's apartment."

"I guess I wasn't too surprised," Lew told me. "I guess I knew when I saw him at noon."

■ One night, about ten days after the funeral, I was lying in bed reading. Lew came up the stairs, opened the door and came inside.

"You busy?"

"No," I said. "Reading a dull book. Couldn't sleep."

"I got Jane an audition yesterday," he said. "She wasn't so bad. I might be able to get her a part in the new show."

"Swell."

"I'm in love with her," he said. "We're going to get married."

"That's swell, Lew. I hope — How soon?"

"Right away, I think. I mean in a couple or three weeks. Just a quiet wedding."

"I hope you'll be very happy."

"She knows all about me, and it's all right, Peter. I mean she didn't mean what she said the other afternoon. She's just a kid. Her family's Catholic. Don't worry. It'll be all right. Good night, Peter."

It was quite a while later that I discovered Lew had already changed his name legally.

When I got home the next evening the telegram was in the mailbox. It was short, and I knew my mother probably counted the words and hesitated before she sent it full rate. Even at such a time she would have done that.

YOUR FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT. FUNERAL ON THURSDAY. PLEASE COME.

By the time I was able to get a train reservation it was 8:40 A.M. I saw Lew only briefly before leaving. He promised to call the office to explain, and I was almost in the cab when I remembered. I ran all the way back upstairs.

"Be sure to call Joan after you call the office," I panted. "Tell her what happened."

On the train I probably slept a couple of hours. After lunch I read for a while but couldn't concentrate. I wondered what I should find to say to my mother. When I came home from college, I would try to talk about what I was studying, plays I'd seen, books I'd read. But, while I was in the Army, neither my mother nor my father knew what to ask, and I didn't know what to tell them.

And, after Europe, I could never quite describe for my parents so that they would understand the ironic appropriateness of the title given to Easy Red Beach in Normandy, nor the precise color of gray a man's body turns a few hours after his death, and certainly not about Wenisloski.

Eugene Wenisloski, private first class, was the first enlisted man I met in Paris when I reported to the office I had been told would be mine. He had his feet on his desk, was reading a French newspaper and eating a moldy apple. He looked up, examined me and said pleasantly, "Hello, soldier. You're the new one?" I confessed that I was.

Later, Gene took me to our billets which, while they were dark and cold, looked directly out on to the Arc de Triomphe, a sight which was especially magnificent in the early morning, and Gene and I frequently stayed up until dawn, sometimes to drink, more often to talk, always to plan.

Gene had been named for Eugene Debs, with whom his father had been a close associate. Gene's father had been born in Poland and had migrated to the United States when he was eighteen. Like his son, he must have been a bookish man, impressed with and moved by ideas, a dreamer, an idealist, a fool by the standards of the managing editor of my magazine. A man who loved humanity and wanted to help. The first war came, and he died in a training camp, of influenza.

Gene hadn't gone to college. At seventeen he succeeded his mother as editor of the daily newspaper of a small town near Biloxi. She had bought it with a small inheritance from her father. At twenty he was editor. One of his first editorials called for the abolition of the white primary in Mississippi.

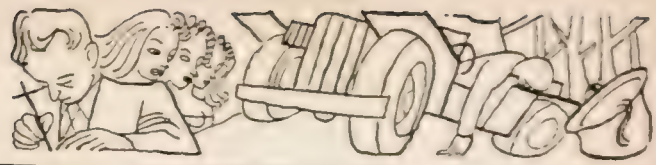
Gene's wife was a graduate of a southern school for young ladies. She came into his office one summer afternoon after graduation and asked for a job.

"I couldn't afford a reporter," Gene said. "I just told her if I hired her I'd have to marry her too. She said okay, so I hired her and I married her. Worked out fine all around."

By the time Gene had enlisted in the Army, they had three children. He would say, "You'd like my wife Gretchen, Peter. You might even like those little brats I up and sired. Not quite human yet, but they will be."

Gene was in love with his town. One day he said, "You ought to come down there, Peter. Lots to be done. You'd like that, Peter. Up there in New York you're going to get old fast, and you won't have time for writing those books, and you'll have to be making a living. You'd better come back home with me, son."

I had almost decided that I would go home with Gene. But, then, Gene didn't go home.



■ When we had finished supper the night I got home, my mother said, with the flair for amateur dramatics that every woman possesses, "Young Mrs. Dr. Hutton telephoned." My mother waited.

"That's nice," I said.

"They sent flowers," she said. "They hardly knew your father, though. Katherine wrote the card. I could tell that. She wants you to call her. I'll bet you hardly even remember her." My mother laughed. "You used to think a lot of her, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"They say she and young Dr. Hutton are happy together," she went on. "He's got all of old Dr. Hutton's practice since the old doctor retired."

"I think I'll take a little walk," I said.

"She wanted you to call her," my mother repeated.

"Later," I said. "I'll do it later."

I must have walked for half an hour before I was in front of the Hutton house. I'd seen Katherine only once since her marriage, the previous fall, just after my release from the Army. And I had discovered, when I shook her hand and she smiled, that I was still in love with her. What she had felt I didn't know. I didn't know why she had called me today, either.

There was only one light in the house, probably from an upstairs bedroom. As I turned away, a car drove up in front of the house and a drunken man emerged. I hadn't seen Paul Hutton for almost ten years but I recognized him at once. He stuck his head back in the car and kissed the woman inside. I couldn't see who the woman was, except that she did not have auburn hair. Katherine did. Then he closed the door of the car and stumbled up the walk.

He was still fumbling with the lock when I walked out of sight.

■ My father's funeral was the next morning. Late in the afternoon I phoned Katherine.

"Oh, Pete, Pete, my dear," she said. "How are you? It's good to hear your voice again."

"I'm fine," I said, "just fine. And you?"

"Anxious to see you. I'm terribly sorry we couldn't get to your father's funeral, but Paul's been so busy. I want you to come right over and have a drink with me."

"In about fifteen minutes, then."

"It'll be wonderful," she said, adding, not quite as an afterthought, "Pete, darling."

I found her sitting on the sofa in the living room, looking a few years older than the high-school senior I had known, but not many years, not the nine years it had actually been. A huge shaker and three glasses were on a low table beside her.

Shaking her hand and feeling what I had forgotten, what I thought had gone and would never return, I felt exactly as I had always felt when I saw Katherine, not wanting to feel it but not being able to stop.

We had both started on our third Martini when the girl came in. "Dr. Hutton won't be home for supper," she said. "His office called; he's out on a case."

Katherine kept her voice calm, but her eyes were angry. "Who called?"

"Miss Bailey," the girl replied.

"Oh, yes," said Katherine. "Thank you, Dottie. I'm sorry," she said to me. "I know how much Paul wanted to see you, but he is busy."

I made a motion of rising. "I've got to be running along."

"Don't go, Peter," she said, and there seemed to be a little genuine terror in her voice. "Don't run off so soon. Let's have another drink."

We drained a second shaker of Martinis, and it was mostly I who talked, not realistically. I made New York seem quite wonderful. I pretended my job was glamorous and important.

When I rose to go, Katherine also stood, and as I started toward the door, she walked to me, leaned forward. She kissed me and I drew her close, and she said, "Pete darling, I'm still in love with you."

I said, "Katherine," and repeated it, "Katherine," and I could have said more than that, and it would have been true, and I wanted to say more, but I didn't.

Then, straightening her dress and patting her unmussed hair, "I'm sorry," she said.

"I'm not," I said. "Good night, Katherine."

"Pete, don't go," she said, pleading. "Paul won't be home for hours yet. He's probably at the Riviera with Laura Bailey. She's his nurse, and he's with her every night. And I don't care. I'm glad. I should never have married Paul in the first place, I guess," she went on, speaking fast as if she had much to say and wasn't sure there'd be enough time. "You know that, don't you? I wish you wouldn't go, Pete."

"Good night, Katherine," I repeated.

When I closed the door behind me, I wanted to go back, and halfway home I turned around and got as far as the beginning of the cobblestone walk, then turned again and went home.

The next afternoon I called her. The phone must have rung for at least five minutes, and I was about to hang up when she answered.

"Pete," she said, "I'm in terrible trouble. Come over

right away." She was not quite hysterical, but this was near enough.

"Right away," I said.

"Thank you, darling," she said. "Thank you very much." And then softly, "Darling, I love you."

From the outside the house looked deserted. But before I had time to lift the knocker, Katherine opened the door. She had been crying, and just then, just for a moment, she was not beautiful, and she looked all the years that she was. When I walked inside, she took my hand and held it tight, then dropped it and wiped her eyes. The shades in the living room were lowered, and there was no light except for a tiny lamp in one corner.

"Paul's left me," she said. "He didn't come home last night. I didn't think anything about that. It's happened before. He and his nurse, Laura Bailey, share an apartment. He pays the rent. Or he did. She's gone, too."

"He'll be back," I assured her. "Don't worry, he'll be back."

"I think you're wrong, Pete," she said. "And good riddance, I say."

"I'm sure you don't mean that," I said. "Where'll he go? What'll he do?"

"I don't know," she answered, "and, what's more, I don't care. He'll get along. His father can always take care of him."

"Have you told his father?" I asked.

"Not yet," she said. "I haven't told anyone. I wanted to talk to you first. I thought we'd go see him together. The two of us." This last softly.

I was surprised and showed it.

The tears were gone, and she smiled her best smile. "I love you, Pete, and you love me. You don't seem to realize it, darling, but I'm free." She stood up and walked across the room. "Look, Pete," she went on, gesturing as she talked, "I'll get a divorce. I'll sell the house, and I'll come to New York with you. I can get a job."

She started for the door briskly. "I'll change and do my face, and then we'll go over and see Dr. Hutton."

"Katherine," I said, "I'm not going to Dr. Hutton's with you. Maybe in nineteen thirty-six it would have worked—you and I, I mean. Now I don't know. Too much has happened to both of us."

"What's happened?" she asked. "We love each other. That's enough, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "I doubt if it is."

"Pete, please." She sobbed. "Please."

"I'm sorry, Katherine," I said, trying hard to say exactly what I meant. "But I'm afraid it's too late."

"Then you don't love me."

"I think I do. I know I did once, but I just don't think it would work any more. Goodbye, darling," I said, and kissed her. For the first time, it was I who kissed her.

Twice on my way home I stopped to call her, and once I did stop at a restaurant and dial her number, then quickly hung up.

■ I had a reservation on the midnight train, and I went to sleep almost immediately. I awakened suddenly two hours later, covered with sweat, my mouth dry. I'd been having the same old dream. . . .

In the first place, it had been foolish for Gene and me to take the trip together. We probably wouldn't have done it except that we had just completed a radio show, recorded it, and airmailed the records back to the States to be broadcast on Christmas Eve. That was on December 15.

When, on the morning of December 18, we read in *The Stars and Stripes* that the Germans had broken through American lines, we both knew what we wanted to do. We wanted to go to Liége and beyond, as far beyond as we could. Our CO was fond of Gene and me. We asked if we could borrow a jeep and drive to Liége, and he let us.

It was late afternoon when we got to Liége, and we stopped at an Information Center to discover whether or not we could go on.

"I don't think they've got to Spa yet," the young lieutenant told us. "I think First Army's still there; you can probably get through. Probably be safer in Spa than you would be here with these damn buzz bombs."

By the time we got to Spa it was completely dark. We stopped at the hotel which had been Army press headquarters. Inside the bar was an American soldier.

"Where is everybody?" I asked.

"Everybody except the fighting men's moved, I guess," he said. "The fighting men's still fighting. They sent me in with a message, and I find First Army's hauled ass out of here; so I dropped in for a little cheer before going back to the war."

"How far away are the Germans?" I asked.

"Last I knew they were about twenty miles from here, but that was several hours ago. The Germans ain't staying put today."

"Can we go back with you?" I asked.

"Okay, I got a jeep. You follow me. Better stick close. We can't use no lights tonight."

"Peter, my friend," said Gene, looking around him, "let's you and me stay right here tonight."

"I thought we came to see the war," I said.

"There'll still be a war tomorrow," said Gene, "and we can read all about what happened tonight in *The Stars and Stripes.*"

"I'd like to go," I said, and it wasn't courage that made me say it. I was proving to the soldier that we might come from Paris but that we were soldiers too.

"Okay, son," Gene said, grinning, "let's go."

We could not have been more than a mile and a half outside of Spa when it happened. The engine was coughing, and I stopped. I got out of the jeep and picked up a stick to measure the gasoline when I heard the high-pitched whine of a bullet. Then another, then several. I threw myself on the ground, and I shouted to Gene, "Get down. For God's sake, get down."

"It's all right, son," he said, and his breath was coming heavily, and I knew, but I wouldn't admit what I knew. Then the firing stopped.

I got up off the ground and said, "You all right, Gene?" He did not answer because he was already dead. . . .

■ When my train got into New York the next afternoon, people were just going home from work. There was a letter for me at the apartment. I sat on the edge of my bed, without taking off my coat, and opened it.

"Dearest Peter," it began:

"I wish I weren't writing this, but I am . . . . " The letter was signed, "Yours, Joan." By the time Lew came home, I was still sitting there, and I still had on my hat and coat.

"For God's sake," he said, "you mean you escaped?"

"Escaped what?" I asked.

"Iowa, the Middle West, home, family. I didn't know whether you'd be back or not. Learning how to see in the dark?"

"I was thinking," I said. "What's new?" I asked.

"We've set the date."

"You and Jane?"

"Yeah. Two weeks from Friday."

"Well, all the luck."

"Thanks." He walked to the piano and ran his hand across the keys. "I think it's going to be all right."

"Not sure?"

"Of course I'm not sure. You know damn well I'm not. Damn it, Peter, I'm never sure of anything. Are you? Is anybody?"

"Nobody I know," I said.

"Let's go out and get a drink or two and have something to eat," he said.

The subject was ended.

Before we ate, I called Joan's apartment, but there was no answer.

Next morning I had been sitting at my desk at the magazine perhaps fifteen minutes when my editor called me into his office.

"Peter," he said, "I'm going to give you a chance to do something you've probably been looking forward to. I'm going to let you write a cover story. We've got the cover this week. Greece. Things are happening over there, you know, and they're going to continue to happen. You've just had a little vacation; your mind's fresh. You're just the man for the job, and, believe you me, it's a big job."

"Honestly, Mr. Martin, I don't know a damn thing about Greece."

"That's precisely the point," he said, looking triumphant. "Now, if I tried to write a story about it, my thinking'd be colored. Yours won't. You can let the facts speak for themselves."

I spent the rest of the day reading the research. I had a couple of drinks at lunch, and then I had two more drinks, and by the time I got back to the office it was nearly four. I called Joan. She sounded glad to hear my voice.

"How are you, Peter?"

"I'm all right. I got your letter if that's what you mean."

"Darling, it isn't what I mean, but I'm glad you're all right. I'm meeting Bob at Louis and Armand's for dinner. Why don't you meet me there now? We'll have time for a talk before he comes. Okay?"

"Okay," I said.

While I waited for Joan, I had a coke. I wanted to have a clear head.

She walked toward me, smiling a little and looking completely happy, and I was sorry that it wasn't I who had made her look that way.

"Hello, Peter," she said, taking my hand.

"Hello, Joan," I said. She sat down, and I ordered a Scotch and water for each of us. "Well," I said, and then again, "Well, I suppose you know you're looking wonderful."

"Thanks for noticing. It's good seeing you."

"Damn it," I said, "let's stop this nonsense. Tell me about it."

"Honest, Peter, there's not much to tell. I'm going to marry Bob Clark. That's all."

"I read the letter. What else?"

"Nothing else. Bob and I'll make a wonderful couple."

"Darling," I said, "I wish you'd stop being sophisticated. I don't feel like being sophisticated right now. I haven't felt like it since I read your letter yesterday afternoon."

"Peter, right this minute you think you're in love with me. Your pride's been hurt, and you're fighting back. But you're not in love with me. Believe me, if you were, I'd know."

We had about fifteen minutes and two more drinks before Bob Clark came. After we'd had another drink each, I got up.

"Why don't you have dinner with us?" Joan asked.

"Can't," I said. "Got to work tonight."

"A new leaf?" she asked.

"No, just a rewrite on the old one."

"So long, Peter. Give me a call."

"I will," I said.

When I got home, I undressed, put on a bathrobe, went to the kitchen and brewed some coffee. I drank four cups of coffee, and I thought about Greece and about Joan. I thought for a long time. I didn't reach any conclusions. Except one. I did decide about writing the story on Greece. After daylight I fell asleep at the kitchen table, and I was there when Lew came up for breakfast.

"I couldn't sleep," I said apologetically.

"That's the snoringest insomnia I've ever seen."

It was nearly eight-thirty when I climbed into bed, and, although I set the alarm for ten, so that I wouldn't be more than an hour late at the office, I didn't hear the alarm. It was twelve-fifteen when I awakened and two when I got to the office.

I had a sandwich and several cups of coffee at my desk. Then I went to Martin's office.

I said, "I'm not planning to write a story about Greece. Not today or tomorrow or next year. I resign. I'm leaving."

"Do you want to finish out the week?" Martin asked.

"No, thanks," I said.

■ There was a light in the apartment when I got to the house, and, when I reached the top of the stairs, Lew opened the door. He looked tired and frightened.

"Hi," he said. "Mother's here. She was here at the apartment when I got back. Come in. I want you to meet her."

Mrs. Colinsky was sitting in a large, old-fashioned chair in front of the cold, clean fireplace. She was a short, plump woman. She wore a plain brown dress that was longer than the current style but was right for her figure, and no make-up except for a little lipstick that expertly covered her wide mouth and just enough powder to remove the shine from her nose. There was a small wedding ring on her finger but no other jewelry except for a short necklace of light-green jade. She rose when I came into the room, extended her hand, and said, "You are Peter."

"Mrs. Colinsky," I said. "Very glad to see you."

"Glad to meet you," she said. "Lewis has so many times written us about you. He writes that you are his best friend."

"I hope so," I said.

Reseating herself, motioning away the cigarette I offered her, she said, "I'm sorry I did not meet the other boy. I am sure he was also nice."

"It's good that you could get to New York," I said, making conversation, adding, "It's quite a surprise," wishing, instantly, that I hadn't.

"To Lewis too," she said. Lew was standing before the fireplace, looking into it. "Lewis has written us that he is to be married. His father and I have not met this Jane Walker, and that, we thought, was not right. In our family, we have always placed great value on these things. Perhaps you can understand this, Peter."

"Yes," I said softly, keeping my eyes away from Lew's face, "I can."

Mrs. Colinsky took a small square of paper from her purse and handed it to me. It was the legal notice of Lew's change of name.

"When I received that," she said, "I knew I must come. I was ashamed, then, of my son. He cannot run away from his name or his people. This paper will not do that for him." She spoke softly, her relaxed, mellow voice almost inaudible at times. "This girl would not want him to be something he is not. You are my son's friend. You may be able to tell him that what he is doing is not right."

I wanted to say something but nothing would have been adequate.

"I'm glad you came," I said, as she rose.

"Thanks, Peter," Lew said. "I'm sorry."

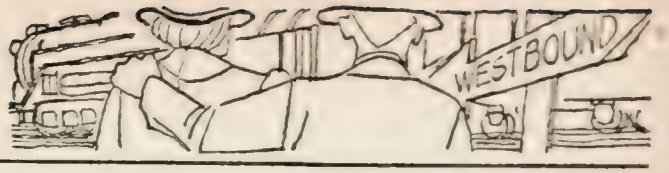
I patted him on the shoulder. Then, "I hope you're going to be staying a while." This to Mrs. Colinsky.

"We will see," she said. "We will see."

"Let's go, Mom," said Lew. "You need some sleep. We'll meet Jane tomorrow."

He took her hand, and they went out the door together.

Lew had, as usual, already gone to work when I got



up the next morning. It took me the usual while, until after coffee, several cups, black, before I got my mind back in my body and before I remembered that I could, if I wished, sit on my hind-end all day and nobody'd care.

There was the short story I wanted to write—I tried, but it didn't go well. Around five I got a telegram from Lew:

PLEASE JOIN MOTHER JANE AND ME AT BARBERRY ROOM AT SIX COUNTING ON YOU FRIEND LEW

I arrived at the Barberry Room at five-thirty. Lew was already at a table in the foyer. He looked extremely tired and quite a little drunk, which was unusual.

"Was nice of you," he said. "You were awfully nice to Mother."

"I liked her," I said.

Jane Walker arrived a few minutes later. She extended her hand to me. "Well, if it isn't the writer."

"I've got a surprise for you," Lew told her.

She looked pleased and expectant. "The show? What about it?"

"Oh," he said, "that. Janie, it isn't much of a show. They've got somebody else."

"What do you mean?" She shrugged away the light he offered. "Couldn't you do anything?"

"Darling," he said, "I'm just a little guy who writes the script. Not a big shot. You know radio. I'm sorry, darling."

"You're sorry," she said. It was neither her acting voice nor her singing voice; it was a voice I had not and I imagine Lew had not heard before. "Is that the surprise?"

"No, Janie," he said. "Mother's in town. She got in last night. Peter's already met her. She's going to have dinner with us."

"Oh, God," said Jane.

Mrs. Colinsky came in. She was still simply dressed, in plain black with a large piece of costume jewelry at her shoulder.

"How are you, Peter?" she asked, squeezing my hand.

"Mother," said Lew, "this is Jane. Jane, this is my mother."

"She's a very pretty girl, Lewis," said Mrs. Colinsky, taking Jane's hand. Jane looked at her cordially enough.

"How are you, Mrs. Cole?" she asked. Mrs. Colinsky smiled.

"My name is Colinsky," she said.

"I'm sorry," Jane replied. "I get so mixed up with these things."

The waiter led us to a table and Lew helped first his mother, then Jane off with their coats. We ordered.

"I understand that you are an actress," said Mrs. Colinsky.

"Yes," Jane replied, "I'm a radio actress. Of course, I haven't done much acting yet, but I will. I know a lot of important people, and that's what counts in radio. Writers. They're extremely important. Like Lew, for example. Snap your finger. Like that." She snapped her finger. "First thing you know you're on a hookup."

Mrs. Colinsky did not catch the edge in Jane's voice. "I am glad," she said, "that Lewis has been able to help."

"He's helped," said Jane. "He's been ever so helpful. Do you have relatives in New York, Mrs. Colinsky?"

"No," Lew's mother replied. "We are a small family. Only one son. My husband has a sister in Poland." She paused. "He has not heard from her since before the war."

"Poland," said Jane. "Near what city?"

"Near Krakow," said Mrs. Colinsky.

"Krakow?" thinking over the name. "No, I don't believe I've ever met anybody from Krakow, Poland. Of course, there are a great many Poles in Cleveland, but I just don't happen to know any of them. So few of them live in Shaker Heights."

"Jane," said Lew, "I think I'll take you home now. If Mother and Peter will forgive us, I'll get a cab."

"You needn't bother," said Jane. She rose and picked up her purse and the coat that wasn't quite mink but tried to look like it. "It's been nice meeting you, Mrs. Colinsky. I must say you're exactly what I would have expected Lew's mother to be like."

Lew did not slap her hard. But the contact of his hand on her cheek made a loud noise in the otherwise quiet room. The waiter leaned forward, and several people turned.

Jane felt her cheek. "So long," she said. "And I do mean so long." Then she was gone.

■ I tried the next day to write a letter to Gretchen Wenisloski. We'd corresponded infrequently since my discharge, and the fault was mainly mine. I think she had understood how I felt about coming to see her and Gene's family, but she had been hurt nevertheless. Once, early in August, she had written me a long letter.

"We've got a wonderful beach down here," she wrote. "Sun more days a year than in California; we just don't talk about it as much. It's a wonderful place to think. Gene once wrote me you had another book in

mind. Our beach would be a wonderful place to write it, Peter. Why don't you come?"

I said no; the letter had arrived shortly after I'd started to work at the news magazine. Gretchen had repeated the invitation several times since, but her more recent letters did not.

I didn't get far with the letter. I found I had nothing to say. There was only one thing I could have said, and I, apparently, wasn't ready to say that.

Late in the afternoon I dialed Joan's number, and before she had a chance to answer, hung up. I also called Martha Westing, but there was no answer. Then I dialed Gloria's number, rather hoping that she wouldn't answer but she did. We had dinner some place; it wasn't much of a dinner. Then we went to a movie, after which we parted. I went home.

Lew was in the middle of the living-room floor, surrounded by dirty socks, dirty shirts, and dirty shorts. His mother was sitting under the only decent light in the room.

"Does my son ever send out his laundry?" she asked.

"Hardly ever," I said. "Not if I have any."

"I brought my son up well," she said, smiling. "This you would find difficult to believe."

"He's a pretty nice guy," I said, "once you get to know him. What's this inspection for anyway?"

Lew casually lighted a cigarette and said, "I'm going back to L. A. For keeps. I'm going into my dad's business." He reached over and took his mother's hand.

"Maybe I'm wrong," I said, "but I thought you were a writer. You're making more money at it than I ever have."

"I'm a second-rate hack, I guess. I suppose I'd do all right, but I'd never be any good."

"Maybe you'll change your mind," I said, "after you get over Jane."

"I'm over her. Only there's one thing I'm not kidding myself about. I loved her." His mother looked up, then back at the dirty clothes.

"You didn't know anything about her, Peter," he went on. "She's a scared little kid with lots of ambition and not much talent. Her folks had a pile of dough until she was about fifteen. Then they lost most of it, like lots of other people. She had to make a living or get married to somebody that had jack. She couldn't just be a stenographer. That's not the way they bring up girls in Shaker Heights. She had to be something. An actress. Plenty of glamour. So she came to New York."

"How soon you leaving?" I asked.

"Day after tomorrow. I wanted Mother to wait for me, but she's got to get home. In case you don't know it, my mother is an important gal in L. A. They can't form a committee without having her on it. I come from quite a family." He winked at her, and she winked back.

"The last of the musketeers," I said. "One's dead, one goes home, one's without a job. Hasn't been such a successful winter, has it?"

He hurled another torn shirt into the wastebasket. "I wonder," he said, "how many guys're saying that?"

"I think," said Mrs. Colinsky, gathering the dirty clothes into a neat bundle which she tied at the corners, "that I had better go now." She came over to me, taking both my hands in hers. "I am glad to have met you, Peter. You have been very good. I hope I will meet your mother some day."

"I hope so," I said and meant it.

"And now you know," she continued, "that you have a second home. We will be expecting you to spend some time with us."

I didn't know whether it was all right, but I kissed her on the cheek. It was all right.

"See you in the morning," said Lew. "Let's have breakfast together."

■ When I got downstairs next morning there was an envelope in the mailbox containing my final check from the news magazine, including an extra two weeks' pay, which I hadn't expected. I went across the street and called Joan.

"Buy you a beer?"

"You might if you urge me."

I urged her. We met at a bar on Fifty-second.

"How's Bob?"

"He's all right." She treated the question casually.

"When's the wedding?"

"We haven't set the date. Buy me one of those ales, please." I ordered four, two for each of us.

"You seem different," I said. "Something must've happened. Mind telling the old man?"

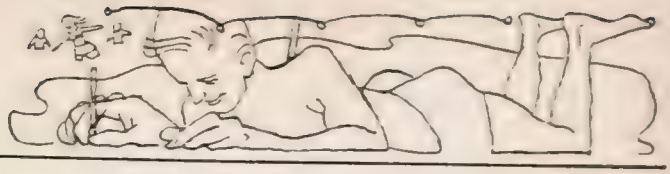
"Everything," she said. "Nothing. I'm tired. I didn't go to bed last night. Worked straight through. I've got circles under my eyes, and I've got to do some more work after I leave here. How's Lew?"

I told her about Lew. She drank the ale slowly when I had finished, thinking about Lew.

"There's a smart boy," she said. "He's jumping off the treadmill. You ever thought of doing it?"

"I quit my job."

She looked at me in a way she seldom did. "Peter," she said, "who's Gene Wenisloski? You mentioned him



once, casually; I had a feeling you didn't feel very casual."

"He was a guy I knew," I said.

"That's obvious," she said. "Is that all I get to know?"

I was ashamed. "No," I said. And then I told her about Wenisloski, careful and slow, saying everything I felt, trying to explain what a thing it was, something that happens so rarely, rarer even than the love between a man and a woman—which is rare enough, God knows—the friendship of one man for another. And how I felt when it had ended. And I said what came later, too, the letters to Gretchen, the day I was discharged from the Army and about Gretchen's letters to me.

Joan just sat there, looking at me, maybe understanding more of me than she had before.

"Peter," she said finally, and I'd have sworn at that moment that she was ready to weep, "I'm sorry for you."

"That's wonderful," I said. "We'll form an association. All the people who're sorry for me. Membership one buck. I'll get rich fast."

"Stop that," she said. "I think you like feeling sorry for yourself. You wouldn't be happy unless you were miserable."

"A familiar type," I said.

"Uh-huh. Not too pleasant."

"Darling," I said, "I love you."

She lifted her hand and pointed the engagement ring toward me.

"Darling," I said, "I love you." I reached for her hand, and she took it away.

"What're you trying to do to me?" she asked. "I'm engaged to a wonderful guy, and we'll have a wonderful life together. We'll live in some little town. Massachusetts maybe. Bob'll play golf on Saturday afternoon. We'll have some kids. Nothing spectacular. Just a nice, quiet life."

"Please stop," I said. "I don't think I'd like to hear any more."

"No, I guess you wouldn't. There's just one thing, Peter. You'd be bored with that kind of life. And now," she said, "I've got to go."

"Joan," I said, "darling, I love you."

"Good night, Peter," she said.

"Can I see you home?" I asked. "I'd like to."

"Not tonight, thanks," she said. "I'll take a cab. I've really got some work to do."

"Give my best to Bob," I said.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "you fool." And then she was gone. When she left she was really crying. I mean there were actual tears.

■ Lew was putting the last of his possessions in a bulging briefcase when I went downstairs the next morning.

"How goes it with you?" he said.

"With me it goes all right," I said. "What time's your train leave?"

"At ten-thirty. Got to get a move on."

He went to the liquor table and poured each of us a little Scotch into two glasses which had not recently been washed.

"Whence cameth the hooch?" I asked.

"From Dan's." Dan was the liquor store owner around the corner. "I stopped in last night to say goodbye, and he gave me the Scotch."

"Nice of him," I said. "There's still a lot left. Whyn't you take it along?"

"Haven't got room. Besides, the apartment'll rattle a little next week."

"Cheers," I said, lifting my glass.

"Cheers," he replied. Then, "Well."

"Well," I said. "Like they say, this is it."

"Yes, I guess it is. We did have some fun too, I mean."

"Sure," I said. "You're damn right we did."

"I miss Ted," Lew said. "I really miss the old bastard."

"So do I," I agreed. "I really miss the old bastard."

"Well," Lew said, "I'll get a taxi driver to help me carry my bags."

"I'll help," I said, and the two of us lumbered down the creaking stairs. We stood at the outer door a minute, and Lew said, "You know what you are, chum?"

"No," I said. "What am I? The subject has puzzled me for twenty-eight years now."

"You're a goddam idealist," said Lew. "Only you try to pretend you're not. You're a soft bastard making wisecracks. Someday you're going to have to make up your mind whether you're going to keep on with the wisecracks or let nature take its course."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"That's okay. The advice is free. You've given me plenty. I never took any of yours either."

We walked to the corner. He hailed a cab, and we reached in his bags.

"Thanks, Peter," he said, "for everything."

"Thank you," I said, "chum."

We shook hands solemnly with a tight grip.

"I don't want to go back, Peter," he said, holding onto my hand. "I'm scared."

"I can't spend the whole damn day here," said the driver.

"It'll be okay, Lew," I said. "Don't worry."

"Well, so long," he said.

"So long," closing the door of the taxi.

"Grand Central," Lew said to the driver. There was a green light, and the taxi shot forward.

I went back into the large, lonely, dark apartment. I cry at some movies, too.

■ Later, quite a while later, how much I don't know—Lew's had been the only clock in the apartment, and he'd taken it with him—I put on my topcoat and hat and reflected that, luckily, I now wouldn't have to buy an overcoat at all; if I'd gone this long without one, that is.

Then I went outside, and I walked. I didn't walk much of any place, and, now, looking back on it, I can't even remember where, up Lexington for a while, then over to Broadway at 42nd and farther uptown because Broadway is always a good street to walk along if you want to be perfectly sure you won't meet anyone you know. I stopped in the Astor Bar and had a double Scotch that wasn't King's Ransom, and a really quite attractive girl smiled at me, and I didn't smile back. I just walked some more. And I saw some of the fourteen million comrades—the word is not yet illegal, is it?—buddies, pals, former brothers-in-arms, easily identifiable, most of them, and not many were any longer wearing discharge buttons, either. I don't know whether I could tell, but I thought I could. They were of that age, twenty to thirty-five or thereabouts, and, physically anyway, they looked perfectly sound. Some of them walked with girls, holding the girls' hands, their arms around the girls' waists, some not touching the girls, just looking at the girls in the way you look at a special girl. And they and the girls seemed to have no problems, seemed to have no need for seeing a chaplain.

"What's your problem, chum?" someone would ask.

Then, "See the chaplain, son. Write a letter to *Yank*."

I walked up as far as 65th Street and went into one of those anonymous little theaters that show eight- and ten-year-old revivals at first-run prices. It was the Marx Brothers, all four of them, in *Horse Feathers*, and it was just as funny as I'd remembered it from before the war, and I laughed like hell, sat through the ancient newsreel, a raucous Donald Duck, and half of the Marx Brothers again. When I went outside, I called Joan at a drugstore pay station, but she wasn't home. I had dinner by myself at a delicatessen.

On my way back to the apartment, I sent a telegram to Gretchen Wenisloski:

IS THAT BEACH STILL THERE QUERY IF SO YOU HAVE GUEST FOR MONTH OR SO STOP MOSTLY SO STOP GUEST MOSTLY UNEMPLOYED STOP LOVE PETER

I called Joan. Bob answered the phone, and his voice sounded cordial and warm even after I had told him who was calling. We chatted for a minute, being polite.

"I guess you don't want to talk to me," he said. "Here she is."

Joan's voice sounded fine over the phone, and I knew it was going to be tough saying what I had to say.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi, toots," I said. "Look, I called to say so long and —well, you know, good luck."

"Where're you going? Some uninhabited desert island to escape the atomic bombing?"

"No," I said. "Mississippi."

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I'm glad."

"Well," I said, "good luck to you and Bob. Bob too."

"Thanks," she said, and added, "Darling. How long you going to be gone?"

"Month at least," I said. "Maybe months. Until I get it figured out."

"Well, if I'm still around, call me. Remember, you've got a friend. In Bob too. He likes you. God knows why. Drop me a line."

And then we each said goodbye in a couple of different ways, holding on for a minute to what we had and what would be gone when the conversation ended. Then I hung up.

Gretchen's telegram said the beach was still there all right and that they were delighted I could come and that I must stay for quote months and months and months unquote.

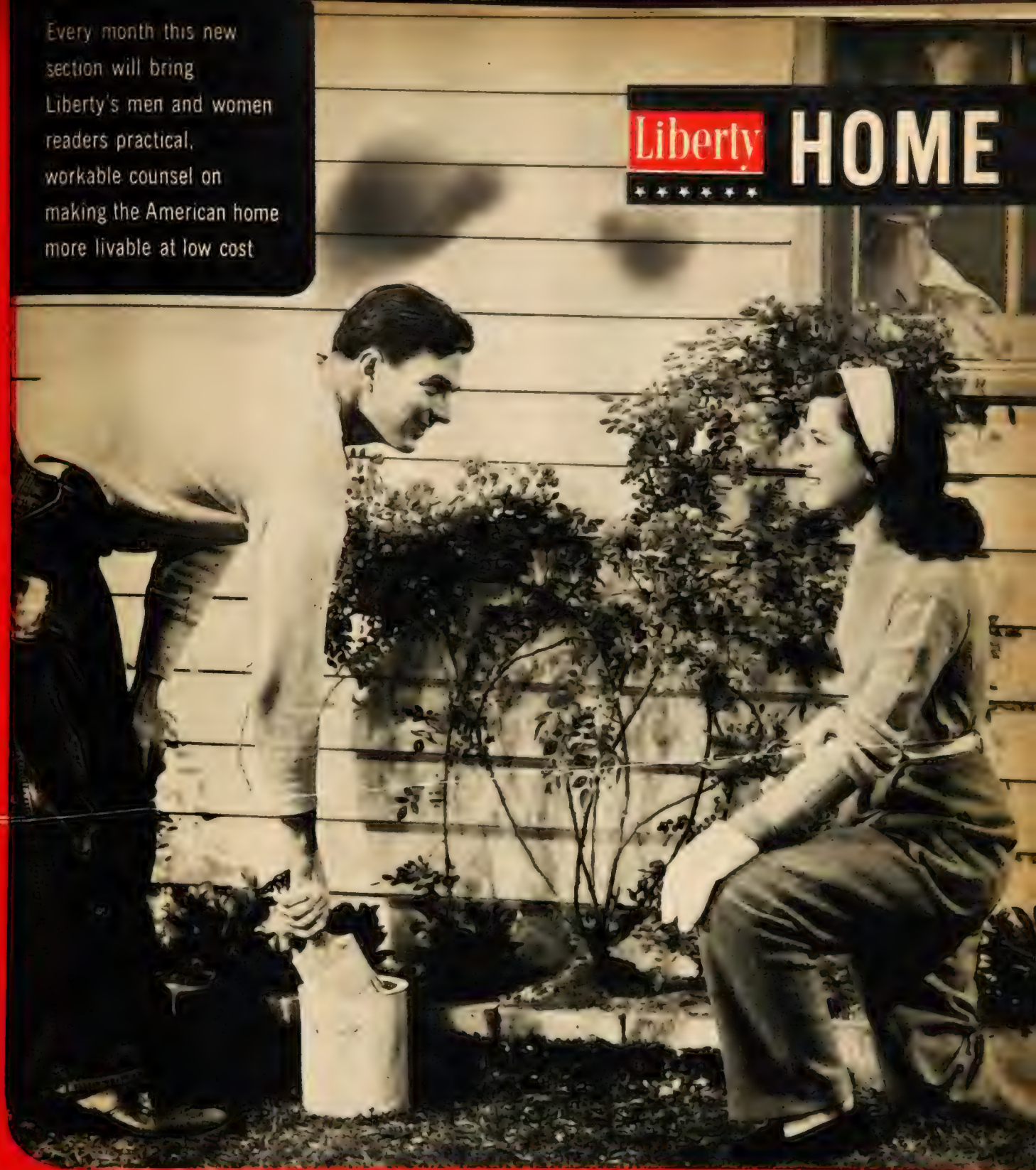
It was a fine day to be leaving the city. A light snow was melting before it hit the ground.

When I got on the train—I was going by coach—I placed my two bags and the portable on the ledge above my head, and I tried to go to sleep but couldn't....

The winter was over, for me, for Lew, for Ted. It was over and done with, and there would never be a time like that again, and I had to get it down, the way it was, what people said and did and thought, the people I had known, especially the three of us, but all of those who were part of it, the winter after the war ended, the winter we got home, the winter that now would so quickly pass into spring.... ■■

Every month this new section will bring Liberty's men and women readers practical, workable counsel on making the American home more livable at low cost

Liberty HOME



War-born shortages, the war itself, and the high cost of living have made the American standard of living lower than advertised. Few homes in America are not in need of new furniture, new household appliances, new paint, or, indeed, a new home. Liberty will undertake, through this new section, to mobilize Americans to remake their homes from cellar to attic. This will not be a women's feature. It will be edited from the standpoint of adult men *and* women of all ages who want to enjoy the American way of life more fully. We will endeavor to bring the best expert advice on how to improve family living at low cost. A Marshall Plan to rebuild the neglected American household is long overdue. We must let none of the uncertainties of the moment—not even the threat of war—deter us from this all-important mission. If we put fear from our hearts and build, brighten up, replace, and renovate, this country's much vaunted high standard of living will become a lasting reality.

THE EDITOR.

REMAKE THAT LIVING ROOM

FABRICS BY NASHUA MILLS

■ It's inexpensive and easy to transform your living room into a dramatic, colorful setting for family living with the new Hampshire fabrics by Nashua now being shown in stores.

The cottons illustrated on these two pages are harmonized and styled to help you be your own decorator.

The textile designers and stylists spend a year or more to create fabric harmonies for your home. The colors are dyed from the same bolt of cloth and matched and blended for color precision.

Each figured pattern of cotton is color-matched with stripes, plaids, and solids.

The cotton is tightly woven and the thread count is evenly balanced, to make a dustproof fabric. This protects the upholstery fabric beneath. And, incidentally, these cottons come through the laundry with patterns and colors intact.

There are literally dozens of color combinations from which you can choose.

We selected the clearly defined all-over leaf pattern on a gray background, as shown in the draperies at the far right. Its subtly blended shades of green are repeated in the leaf plaid of small scattered leaves on a plaid background, as shown in the material just to the right of the girl shopper above. For further interest we chose the tiny box plaid and the solid green.

The brilliant splash of geranium-pink glazed chintz, at the extreme right of above photo, was chosen to set off our summer green harmony.

The glazed chintzes are a story in themselves. Their width (35 by 36 inches) makes it possible to use them for draperies, slip covers, and cushions. The solid colors of both chintz and cretonne are vat-dyed, washable, and dry-cleanable. The shrinkage is less than 2 per cent.

For a girl's room use an airy floral bouquet on white or pastel background. To remake a breakfast room with a cheerful sunny-morning note, there's a berry cluster pattern in purple, rose, or green on white. For a guest room there's a striking arrangement of azaleas in several colors —among them, red, yellow, geranium. A man might prefer a pattern of enormous oak leaves in red, blue, yellow, or turquoise on a white background. To remake a room in cretonne. there is a series of color-related patterns matched to the last detail. One popular pattern is a rural scenic design complete with barn and animals — the background tan or white. This pattern harmonizes with a plaid of thin wavy lines, one or more solid colors, or a hydrangea pattern.

There's no problem to *shopping* for fabrics. But the man of the house always brings up practical questions. He wants to know how much it will cost. It's easy to figure. *For a sofa, two upholstered chairs, and two occasional chairs, the approximate cost for the illustrated materials is less than $120.*

At today's prices, this sum represents a fair investment in cotton fabrics that will give years of service and family living, and daily pleasure in a remade living room.

There are many choices of fabrics in local stores for the shopper. Puzzled women can seek their department store's decorating services. Incidentally, the country is sharply divided in its preferences. The Southwest likes traditional furnishings, although Texas chooses Modern and Ranch House style. But, old or new, there's a wave of enthusiasm all

At surprisingly low cost, you can perform a miracle of redecoration in your own home with the colorful, sturdy new fabrics now available

BY GERTRUDE WILKINSON

Liberty's Home Editor

the country over for colors to remake living rooms.

Burlington Mills, one of the largest textile mills in the country, is known for its cotton jacquards. These Burlington House fabrics are made in both modern and traditional colors. There are eight of each. The modern colors include flame, lipstick red, chartreuse, and bottle green. The traditional colors include old rose, blue, gold, and wine. With the services offered by department stores and the infinite variety of fabrics from the textile mills, homemakers may start with cottons and go right up the scale to firm, crisp washable rayon taffeta. While it sounds expensive, its width of 41½ inches costs only about $1.65 a yard.

While cotton fabrics are highly prized for their many good qualities, there are synthetic yarns that have also proved their worth for home furnishings.

One of the well-known synthetic yarns is Multicord. This is a good fabric for living rooms. It comes in plain colors, and is a tightly woven corded-surface fabric made entirely of Celanese synthetic yarn. This season, Multicord is available in a group of handsome new hand prints harmonized with a range of 20 solid colors—each one 50 inches wide. Multicord retails at about $1.75 a yard for solid colors, and about $3.95 for the screen prints.

Both modern and traditional homes can make good use of another group of fabrics known as Celaloom. These interesting homespun-type weaves are woven entirely of synthetic spun yarn of Celanese Lanese.

These fabrics are wide enough to hang in soft, full folds unhampered by seams. This new fabric comes in 50-inch width, and in 20 colors.

Not only does the graceful width of this fabric permit dramatic decorative effects for rooms, but the fabric also has other uses that deserve attention.

One of its qualities is what engineers call light control. When the draperies are drawn across an enormous window space, the new weave admits light.

A second characteristic is that the deep texture weave of the material will soften sound. It is priced under $2.50 a yard. ■■

REMAKE THAT BEDROOM

Transform the bedroom, too, with these low-cost fabrics

—so attractive you'll even want to get up in the morning

■ Start with a new cotton bedspread for your bedroom. Choose a fresh-colored floral pattern with swirls of foliage or a nosegay of English posies. For a boy's room, a Yankee clipper ship design is the thing. A Pennsylvania Dutch design is an excellent choice for a girl's room.

An excellent cotton fabric to consider is plain, sturdy Indian Head cotton–since 1831 a familiar fabric to each generation of American homemakers. Its original popularity was based on its strong, stout wearing qualities and the smooth linenlike finish of the cotton cloth. Mothers prized it for men's and boys' blouses, overalls, dungarees, and for play clothes for boys and little girls. If any fabric could hold up in games of baseball or cops and robbers, Indian Head could do it.

This cotton still has these basic qualities of durability and long wear. But new glamorous features have been added and this cotton is now a decorator's favorite for handsome new bedspreads, matching draperies, and dressing-table skirts. The dye pots have been put to work by the designers and stylists. Solid sun-fast colors in virtually every shade of the spectrum are on display in department stores across the country. These new cotton spreads are designed so matching schemes for rooms can be worked out at low cost.

The styling of these new cotton spreads is simple; the colors are fast; the fabric does not shrink; and the colors are so varied that if you want sunshine and summer effects, there is the illustrated daffodil yellow and a darker earthy red. There are also simple blue-and-white and red-and-white combinations. You may prefer the more subtle raspberry and sand tones that are available. There's a different combination for every bedroom in the house. The simplicity of design in the bedspread, however, makes it fit any room–whether it is furnished in Early American, Georgian mahogany, or with repainted old furniture.

The bedspread shown in the photograph is under ten dollars, and the rug is under thirty dollars. The Indian Head costs less than one dollar a yard. And all the fabrics are guaranteed to be washable–will not run, fade, or shrink.

The home furnishings department of your local store will yield a rich harvest of practical, down-to-earth decorating ideas with the lure of color. One of the best-known names in jacquard woven cotton fabrics is Bates. *Their cotton bedspreads and matching draperies will remake your bedrooms at less than $25 a room.*

Three new designs are now on display. They have an innovation in bedspread design–rounded corners. This change gives an extra fillip to the corners that is graceful and full. The drapery doesn't twist under the bed, can't collect dust.

The three new designs are washable, color fast, and durable. The new shape gives the spreads an interesting style, as do the new designs. One of the three is a ruffle stripe made of contrasting bands–every alternate band is stylized to look ruffled. The sizes vary from 76 by 112 inches to 88 by 112, and the prices range from $9.95 to $12.95 for a bedspread. Approximately the same prices hold for a pair of draperies.

The style we like is a pattern named after Queen Victoria. Petals of flowers are joined in an effective design with contrasting dots in the center. The colors include rose and brown, blue and wine, green and blue.

But no matter what color and design you choose, you'll find these cottons a good choice. They are washable.

Not only cotton fabrics, but synthetic yarns are being prettied up. This summer a new printed taffeta, at about $1.95 a yard, is ready to contribute its share to remaking the bedroom. Celanese taffeta–a firm, crisp, washable rayon taffeta well known for its durability and clear solid colors–is now matched with the new prints. There are three designs–taffeta stripe, floral, and lace.

Window Shades

■ Old-fashioned dun-colored window shades have been rolled right up to the top of yesterday's windows. With a whir of the smoothly meshed rollers, the new decorative shades are rolled down over today's windows.

These shades are gay, colorful, and come in a great variety of design. Window shades have always been considered as functional home accessories at modest cost. Their functional aspects are still all-important, but the change to a decorative surface will delight the modern housewife.

Window shades come in stock sizes, are sold in shade stores and department stores. They may also be made to order, thus fitting each individual window exactly.

There are two types of window shades, paper and cloth. The former, priced at less than $1 a shade, serve many good purposes, but for service over the years the more expensive cloth shade has the edge. Ninety-eight per cent of America's homes have window shades. Decorative cloth window shades serve a twofold purpose – use and beauty. The relative low cost of window shades as compared with Venetian blinds brings utility and charm into the home.

When you buy, consider these facts:

The quality of a cloth window shade is determined by the closeness of the weave in the fabric. The size of the roller should be at least one inch in diameter. Window shades on an opaque base are being used today for screen-printed designs to add a decorative effect to rooms.

When duplex window shades, made with a dark green side and a rich cream side, are drawn to the sill during the heat of the day, the room becomes degrees cooler.

To save fuel in the winter, draw shades to sills at night in all rooms not used for sleeping.

To Clean Cloth Shades

■ Dust regularly with soft dry cloth. Pull shade to sill and wipe with soft dry cloth. Dust all shades once a week.

Unfilled shades with oil paint or pyroxylin finish: Wash with soap and water.

Lightly filled shades with linseed-oil finish: Brush with damp cloth, sponge, or wallpaper cleaner.

Water-color shades – Holland shades: Wallpaper cleaner or art gum.

Sturdy, long-wearing cotton fabric makes this attractive bedroom. The two-toned bedspread with the light center panel is set off by the darker toned panels at top and bottom. The draperies and dressing-table skirt repeat the sunny yellow and the warm red of the spread. The hand-printed design is as washable as the solid colors. It's simple, practical, and appealing. The ornamental painted window shade repeats the colors of the cotton spread, draperies, and skirt. A fluffy, shaggy washable cotton rug completes the room at a modest price.

WINDOW SHADE INSTITUTE

A bird of brilliant pink plumage in a cage of delicate fine wire adds color to a room. Decorative window shades are new ideas that appeal to everyone. This one is 6 by 3 feet. Under $9.

Home decorators take to the pastel colors of this effective, graceful design. The feather tracery and the smart ribbon complete a window's color scheme. Six by 3 feet. Under $6.

The bedroom window in the photograph above is hung with an opaque window shade. The floral design of leaves and tulips carries out the colors of the cotton fabrics. Six by 3 feet. Under $6.

This roaster has special features to make your cooking easier. It will bake, roast, stew, or broil. You can use it for summer canning. A portable broiler fits smoothly into the lid. Under $46.
PROCTOR

efficient small range is equipped to take care of the king needs of a small family. It bakes, it roasts, it stews, roils. Its wrap-around oven element gives uniform heat. thermostat ensures even temperatures for best results
UNIVERSAL

This electric roaster has a glass panel through which the cook can watch her dinner. The cabinet gives the housewife extra storage space. Roaster and cabinet are under $60
WESTINGHOUSE

This [illegible] roaster is good for small apartments. It can be used for summer canning by the hot-water method, by removing the glass oven dishes and placing the filled glass jars on the metal rack. The price is under $30.
GENERAL ELECTRIC

TO MAKE YOUR SUMMER EASIER

The new electrical appliances keep you cool, cook your food, and can your garden vegetables. Look them over for the answer to your living problem

■ A cool kitchen while dinner is cooking, a cool room to sleep in during hot summer nights are much-sought-after but rarely achieved pleasures of summer living. The electrical appliances shown on these two pages will help—and are within most family budgets.

An electric roaster not only helps solve summer cooking problems but also is an important auxiliary to permanent kitchen equipment. The handsome rib roast shown in the photograph to the left is cooked at a low temperature by thermostatically controlled heat.

This results in a juicy roast with a minimum of shrinkage.

The special feature of this Proctor electric roaster is an easily inserted portable broiler in the lid. When the roast is nearly cooked, the broiler lid replaces the cover, and the cooking of the roast is completed by the broiler method to give a crisp, crackly surfaced brown crust.

Photographed at extreme lower left is a miniature Universal electric range. It's not meant to replace the usual large range. This highly efficient small range is specifically designed for the small apartment, the cottage, bungalow, or new small home. Its uses are legion. If you use a coal or wood range for the winter months, this complete range with its glass wool blanket of insulation makes a perfect oven for the hot summer months when a cool kitchen is a blessing. It also is useful in the many small apartments where landlords have forgotten that tenants eat.

This new electric range is equipped to broil meat, fish, and poultry, to bake biscuits, cakes, and pies. And if a 20-pound turkey is planned for a meal, this range roasts it easily.

Top surface cookery is easily accomplished by removing the oven racks, placing the surface unit in the lower receptacle, and plugging in the appliance. Dinner's ready in a matter of minutes.

For family living, this new piece of equipment at less than $100 is worth serious consideration.

To the right of this small range are two portable electric roasters, the first one of General Electric manufacture and the other one a Westinghouse. These are designed for all-day trips to the beach or for summer bungalows and back-yard picnics (with the use of an extension cord). It's no vacation without wonderful food.

The electric roasters cost less than $40. And when fall and winter come they are effective auxiliary equipment for the family range.

The roasters are excellent for budget-cost foods—pot roasts, meat pies, ragouts, casserole dishes, and baked beans.

The next picture illustrates the use of the Westinghouse automatic roaster-oven on its own stand. (The stand costs less than $16.) The ovenware glass dishes hold a complete dinner: meat, vegetables, potatoes, and a hot dessert. There is storage space on the shelves below.

For cool days and nights, two types of modern electric fans are photographed. One is the standard General Electric oscillating fan. The other fan is a new product made by Westinghouse. It rolls through the house, up and down stairs, slides up to a height of almost five feet, down to a depth of three feet. It's the newest electric fan on the market, and operates on the air-jet principle. One of the pleasant features of this efficient machine is the quiet that prevails as the fan hums throughout a stifling hot night. Its zigzag mesh-woven steel-wire guard grille protects the whirling plastic blades from children's inquisitive fingers.

Perhaps you have always considered electric fans as a summertime necessity only, but this one has all-year-round uses. It is constructed so that it can be used to reduce the indoor drying time of wet laundry, provide beneficial circulation for overheated rooms, and increase heating efficiency in poorly heated rooms. For year-round living comfort, this fan's initial cost of less than $75 justifies itself—especially in the torrid sections of the land, and in homes with inadequate ventilation or insulation. ■■

his fan's curved blades give quieter peration. The surfaces are bonded ized to prevent dirt from clinging the surface. You can hang it on e wall as well as place it on a at surface. Price under $16.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

This portable and adjustable fan requires a minimum of space. This machine does more than simply stir up a roomful of air; it actually reduces a room's temperature.

WESTINGHOUSE

BY BEULAH KARNEY

Liberty's Food Editor

■ For this month of June we have planned some exciting dishes not only for the bride charged with the will to make *him* happy, but also for the woman who has fallen into a cooking rut.

We will show you a way to give a man his palate's desire—roast beef (one rib), broiled like a steak *but* roast beef nonetheless, cheaper than that other favorite of his—steak. Garnished with broiled tomatoes behatted with broiled mushroom caps. Well, not always, maybe. After all, there is that budget! But once in a while—maybe for that anniversary. And he likes taters with his meat. And corn, too. Even though he wouldn't have to have both. But corn *is* a man's favorite vegetable. It is cooked at the same time the roast, or steak, is broiled. Frozen corn can be used as the perfect catch for all the ruddy juice of the rich red meat as it oozes through that one rib in the broiling.

Place the roast from 3 to 3½ inches from the heat. If it's about two inches thick and you want it rare, broil it from 18 to 20 minutes on one side, season and turn it. Then complete the broiling for 18 to 20

FOOD MEN LIKE

Bride or matron, this will teach you more about the desires of the human male than the Kinsey report. Recommended reading—and eating—for all

minutes, season it, and serve. If you like your roast beef medium, plan on about 45 to 50 minutes' broiling time.

The yeast rolls (well, they're really *raised* orange muffins) are to prove a man can come home to homemade bread made with loving hands that also pounded a typewriter all day. Nothing gives a man more assurance his wife really loves him than the aroma of fresh-baked bread.

And the way she will make a salad for him! "Rabbit food" he used to tease her with at first.

Now she arranges symmetrical segments of his June favorite fruits on a pretty platter. In the center there are strawberries—whole, luscious, red-ripe strawberries. And the wedges of melon are grouped so you can look at them squarely, and the avocado rests bold and green, and the orange segments, generous and inviting enough to be picked up in the fingers and eaten as you ate them when you were a child. Same for grapefruit. An honest salad, this. No cover up about it. And the greens crisp as a new taffeta flounce, but in another bowl, to be taken or left at will.

This platter can be a fruit cocktail course. It can also be a salad-dessert course when no dessert is in the refrigerator. Maybe served with cheese. But if he insists on dessert—and pie at that—there's an easy out here, too, when shells are baked ahead of time and kept on hand. She knows, as you can see, that pies made in those little pie pans are just right for two servings. Her man doesn't have to eat stale pie next day. The "extra" one is just in case an uninvited guest comes or someone raids the refrigerator before bedtime. Other days the waiting shells will be filled with packaged pudding desserts. Chocolate, most likely. Or, as in the meal pictured, cold apple sauce topped with thin shreds of Cheddar cheese. He doesn't miss the old-fashioned pie—well, not if she makes it *once* in a while on Sundays, let's say. For, as he swears, she makes the best apple sauce. How could anyone make it so good? With a zipping of lemon rind, and lemon juice, and a pinch—just a pinch—of powdered cardamom.

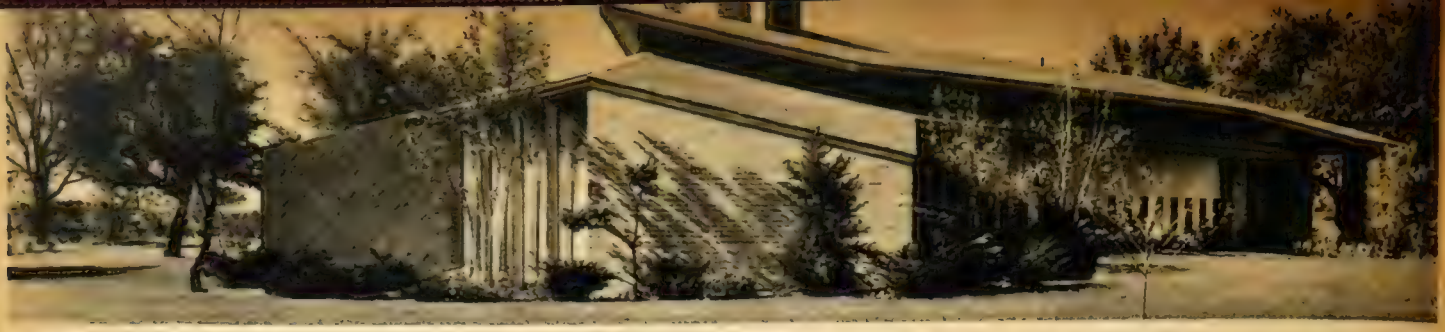
And so modern cookery methods plus old-fashioned love work hand in hand to bring the modern husband a man's favorite meal. The meal can be cut down to suit your needs. But please don't leave out the hot bread.

I guess a man can still figure out how much a woman loves him by looking to her cooking ways. ■■

ORANGE MUFFINS

Crumble
1 package yeast (compressed or dry granulated) in
¼ cup lukewarm water to soften.
Scald
¼ cup milk; cool. Beat
2 eggs in mixing bowl. Add
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup melted shortening
1 tbsp. grated orange rind. Mix well. Add cooled milk and
1 cup sifted enriched flour. Beat smooth. Add softened yeast. Mix well. Add another
1¼ cups sifted enriched flour. Beat 2 minutes. Fill greased muffin pans half full. Let rise in warm place until doubled (about 45 minutes). Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) 18 to 20 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 1 dozen three-inch muffins.

—SARRA—



A HOUSE WHERE EVERYTHING WORKS

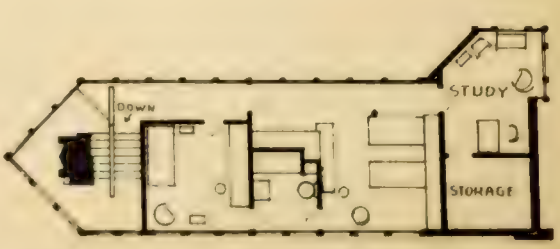
Saw-tooth windows at left admit a maximum of solar heat in winter.

Terrace is convenient, making a handy spot for eating and sitting.

High strip windows provide maximum privacy in the master bedroom.

Home's floor-to-ceiling windows open the interior to the outdoors.

Strong angles, big windows, and an unusual plan make this an excitingly different modern house



In plan the house is not like ordinary ones. Angles give it unusual interest, yet are subordinated to the free flow of everyday living.

BY DARRELL HUFF

■ "Everything works" is a good capsule description of a successful modern house. It means simply that everything about the house is there for a purpose.

Alden B. Dow, Midland, Michigan, architect who designed the house shown here, puts it this way: "I do nothing I cannot reasonably explain, at least to myself."

It is not a large house, but is a rather luxurious small one. There are two bedrooms and a study, two bathrooms, game room, kitchen, and combined living-dining room.

The truth is, however, that this house is not bounded by its four walls. The outdoors is a part of nearly every room. Enormous floor-to-ceiling windows do the trick. But there is more to it than that. For example, the pool outside the living-room windows reflects sunlight into the room. Only rarely is there any direct sunlight in the living room, but its reflection is there much of the time.

The living-room windows are arranged in a saw-tooth pattern to the south. The sun enters these windows at right angles to the glass, producing the maximum amount of solar heating in winter. A skylight of red and blue glass over these windows cuts out the high hot sun in summer. The dining-room window faces west and also has a pool in front of it. The late afternoon summer sun is controlled here by shade trees. The rather small living room is made to seem generous by including the dining room. The dining room is kept to itself by a pair of unusual devices—a jog in the brick wall and a separate, low ceiling section. The kitchen's unusual triangular shape is highly efficient.

It is the game room that makes this small house luxurious. "Game room" actually is not a very good name for it. The only other name dreamed up for such a space is the less familiar "big room"—a place that is a safety valve from the normal pressure of family living. In this house the extra room is entirely separate. The value of such a room, isolated from the living room, is particularly evident when there are children and where large-scale entertaining is planned.

Since this is not intended to be a minimum house, additional flexibility is obtained by putting a sewing room (which can accommodate guests) next to the master bedroom. A small study helps, too.

The windows are only part of the method of making indoors and outdoors flow into each other. Brick, which forms the exterior walls of the living area, is also used inside; and the outdoor terraces are walled by it. These rather elaborate terraces are costly, but they can be allowed for in planning and situating the house, with the idea of adding them later. ■■

Madame . . . your husband should read this ad!

Because *we* can tell him that if he remembers your wedding anniversary with beautiful Flowers by Wire, you'll get that warm, warm glow . . . be his *so* happy bride all over again!

It will prove he loves you!

Because he can tell you so on the regular card message that goes right along with Anniversary Flowers by Wire.

This is the way

Any of the thousands of official F. T. D. florists, located in every city, will speed his Anniversary Flowers by Wire to you within a few hours. The Winged Mercury Emblem on their shop window means satisfaction is assured.

Hint for your *Flowers-by-Wire*

Gown: Jay Thorpe Original

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.

The Telephoners

Just too popular.

"Ring. I *will* it. Ring!"

Hashing over the baseball situation

Handy when it's too rainy.

. . . and of course.

BY KIRK STILES

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT

Continued from Page 31

with American ideals and democracy, it was not philanthropic, but might indeed be titled, "A bill to serve American self-interest in the maintenance of independent governments."

And it was Vandenberg's great introductory oration that paved the way for ERP in the Senate, and his statecraft and political acumen that put it through.

"I believe," he said, "that 'standing up' is a better risk than 'lying down.' I believe that we either take or surrender leadership—and I can find no intelligent American self-interest in any such surrender."

In my talk with the senator I asked him if he thought the Russian system could co-exist with ours.

"If there is any sanity in both Moscow and Washington," he replied, "we can find a way to live and let live." Then he added with a wry smile, "That still leaves the sixty-four-dollar question."

On leaving his office, I noticed a shabby dark leather sofa with a cheap cotton pillow on it.

"Do you catch a nap there occasionally, senator?" I asked.

"No," said Vandenberg. "Senator Borah slept on that couch for fifteen years. This was his office, you know. That is there as a memorial."

Thus the sentimental senator keeps faith with his old loyalties while moving forward in a changing world.

■ Vandenberg's career from boyhood onward is in the best American tradition. It's the story of the poor boy making good. His father, Aaron Vandenberg of Grand Rapids, Michigan, went broke when his son was nine, thus forcing Van's mother to support the family. Van was determined to make a fortune so that such unhappiness could never befall him or those he loved. He had the drive, he had the ability, and he had the luck that it took. The first job he really liked was that of reporter on the Grand Rapids Herald, which he became after being graduated from high school in 1900 at the age of 16. In 1901 he went after more education at the University of Michigan. The strenuous manner in which he studied and worked to support himself damaged his health, so that one year was all he had at the university. Only one really important thing happened to him there—it was a girl named Hazel Whittaker. She was both lovely and highly intelligent. Somewhere in the rush of work and study there was time for a few idyllic boat rides. Then Van unhappily left college forever, while Hazel went on. They did not even write to each other afterward.

Vandenberg got back his health and his job as a reporter on the Herald. Then came the big break. He was promoted to be a political reporter. He had a penchant for politics to which he had no intention of yielding until he made his pile. The Michigan politician whom he most admired was Congressman William Alden Smith, a legislator in the grand old manner. In January, 1907, Congressman Smith, aided by the enthusiasm of his young journalistic friend, became Senator Smith. Whereupon he bought the Grand Rapids Herald. Striding into the city room, he went straight to 22-

year-old Vandenberg's desk. "My boy," he boomed, while pencils paused and the typewriters hushed their clatter, "you are now the editor and publisher of this paper."

It happens only in books.

Senator Vandenberg, speaking of the early days, said, "I was a good newspaperman, that I'll admit." Nobody could deny it. The Herald became the firm base of the fortune that Arthur Vandenberg had sworn to make. In 1905, while he was only a reporter, he married Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Otis Watson of Grand Rapids. They had three children, Arthur H., Jr., Barbara, and Elizabeth. Arthur has been his father's politically acute secretary since 1936, except for four years when he served with the Army Air Forces.

The pleasant progress of editor Vandenberg's life was rudely interrupted by World War I. It was a troubled time and to his political worries was added domestic grief when his wife died in 1916. Vandenberg was lonely and anxious as the war he dreaded came to America at last. He put his splendid energy patriotically to work, but his heart was grim. Then, one evening in 1918, a former classmate spoke the name of Hazel Whittaker. Vandenberg is an impulsive fellow who wastes no time in doing what his heart decrees. The next morning he telephoned Hazel and made a date. They were married two weeks later. Hazel Vandenberg has proved to be a wonderful wife. As one mutual friend observed, "She took the stuffing out of Van's shirt."

The years of the '20s were good to editor Vandenberg. His paper prospered and his fortune was assured. He had the leisure to write books: Alexander Hamilton, The Greatest American—the title shows his hero worship—If Hamilton Were Here Today, and The Trail of a Tradition. They were romantic expositions of the extreme conservative American view. He now wishes they could be forgotten.

When he was secure, Vandenberg became increasingly engrossed in Republican state politics, and in 1928 he became U. S. Senator from Michigan. He was completely reactionary and wholly in tune with the times; but the times soon changed their tune. So, eventually, did Vandenberg.

Today he stands with the progressive wing of Senate Republicans. He is a skillful leglislator, and there is no man in the Senate who can push a bill through with such finesse. By his difficult alliance with Senator Taft, he has undoubtedly prevented a split in the Republican ranks and enabled his party to write constructive measures. Such brilliant political technique would be a tremendous asset to a President.

■ Despite Vandenberg's disinclination for the office, there are strong forces working for his nomination. The meteoric rise of his percentage in the Gallup poll shows that the country is turning to him as a man in whose wisdom and integrity they can trust, while the officials with whom he works, Republicans and Democrats alike, speak in admiration of his selfless patriotism.

Thus Vandenberg's personal popularity and towering reputation may well defeat his expressed desire. It is certain that if Governor Dewey finds himself blocked by the Taft forces in the convention, he will swing his strength to Vandenberg. Governor Stassen and other liberal Republicans would be likely to follow suit. And the more conservative forces might well accept Vandenberg as the one strong man who could unite the party.

Because of these pressures it is not only possible, but likely, that a man can be drafted in these times, even though he "will not connive." ■ ■

THE TALKING CANARY

Continued from Page 34

most voluble and articulate actress. She gives with the words—thousands of words. She spices them up with her own brand of humor: "My hair looks like the haystack they are always looking for the needle in." She scatters homemade epigrams profusely in her conversation: "Isn't two weeks forever when nothing happens!"

■ A friendly, generous person, she plays benefits at the drop of a hat. Recently the Stage Hands Union presented her with a gold honorary membership card, making her the only feminine member. She was considered the most-to-be-depended-upon actress at the New York Stage Door Canteen during the war. In fact it was playing to soldier-and-sailor audiences that caused her to become a comedienne. "Before I started doing soldier shows," she says, "I was the type who was always stuck with a script." While she was waiting for her studio to polish up Three Little Girls in Blue, she went to Europe on a U.S.O. junket.

It was at a Paris cocktail party given by Bea Lillie that Celeste met her husband, Schuyler Dunning, at that time with the Air Transport Command, now with American Airlines in Los Angeles.

She was married to Dunning in New York, March 21, 1946. They live in a rambling rented house in Brentwood, and have a son, Dan'l, who is over a year old.

■ Celeste was born in New York City, and Celeste Holm is her real name. Her father is the head of Lloyd's of London's New York office. Her mother is a portrait painter. When Celeste was three, her family moved to Chicago, where she spent her early years. In the summer the Holms went to their farm in Pleasant Grove, New Jersey. It was here, at the age of six, that Celeste gave her first performance. She lisped through Romeo and Juliet with her front teeth missing.

Her parents encouraged her theatrical ambitions, and after three years of high school they permitted her to sign up with a stock company, the Deer Lake Players in Pennsylvania.

Next came the Broadway stage. Celeste played in some 11 plays, among them The Women, Time of Your Life, Another Sun, Eight o'Clock Tuesday, My Fair Ladies, Papa Is All, All the Comforts of Home, and The Damask Cheek. ■ ■

I'll say I'm a shady lady

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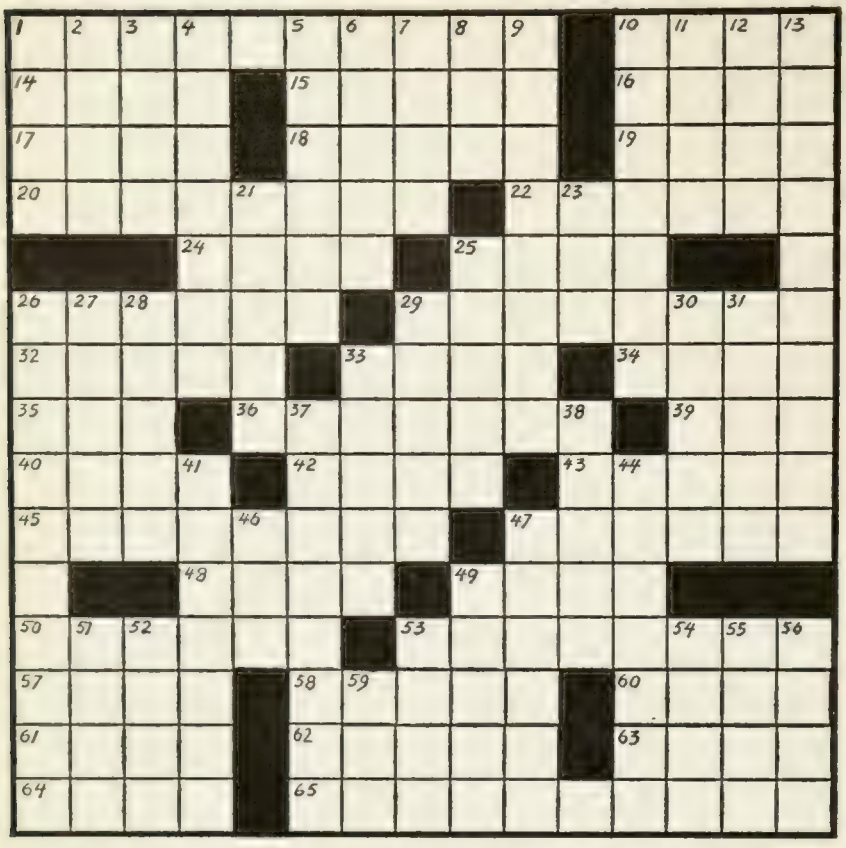
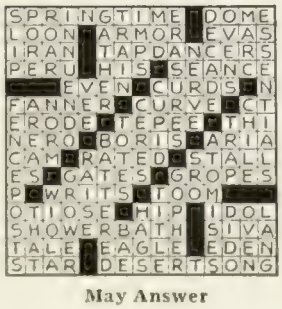
BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Present whereabouts of the walking man (he's beating it about the bush with a club) (two words)
10 Colorful Men of Old Crussia
14 This has world coverage
15 Abe and Sarah's boy
16 esoN iks dlo
17 Shed the personal plush
18 Loophole big shots attack the law through
19 Washroom slipper
20 Slings verbal mud
22 Drip caught in a draft
24 Gossip recording devices
25 She Bee
26 They're boned, wrapped in white, and out of this world
29 Things paid to has-beens
32 Nit wit
33 Irish freeman
34 Prelude to a find
35 Commonest kind of picnic sandwich
36 This sounds like a superlatively depressed brutalitarian
39 Alcoholics' Normal Indulgence (abbr.)
40 What things are never what they
42 Date of Operation Caesarean
43 Dream of the fellow who wants to set the world on fire
45 Little squirts
47 They come in handy in a pinch
48 FCC man
49 School parents send boys to to get them out of the way
50 What to take for a trip to Never-Never Land
53 Gets all tied up with someone in a knotty problem, trying to wrench something loose



May Answer

57 Potter sure does this to an empty living
58 She met Alexander during the uproar
60 The I of Greece
61 Only person who can tell which way a woman driver is going to turn
62 When 10 boys sat next to 10 dishes of ice cream, what happened as a matter of principle?
63 Kind of schizopersonality
64 Her lips said no; they said otherwise
65 If introspective people are inside dopes, what are outside dopes?

VERTICAL

1 Yatatas
2 How things will get increasingly from now on till November
3 La Skinny
4 State of being over-upholstered
5 A bunch of squirts that lead canny existences
6 They complement manufacturers
7 Clothes with the Old Look are now these
8 Shane Assassinates Asininity (abbr.)
9 Blackouts in full daylight
10 What the rich man does at 45—and you and I do at 11 P.M.
11 $25 worth of yarn twisted into a $3,000,000 piece of dull celluloid
12 Gunmanly plaything
13 Certificates of release from mental institutions
21 Fruit of the Loveknot Tree
23 Pate pantie
25 Burns up
26 He who lives in one shouldn't throw parties (two words)
27 Bee drip
28 *Route* around Mongolia via Shananagrams
29 Trips to the underworld via the underworld
30 Would that the war would
31 Upstairs baritone
33 Summer
37 The helmet this plume
38 Musical appendages from the Vienna Woods
41 Original owners of Fort Knox
44 First a tear, then knotted —it sweeps on to a watery end
46 The jerk of yesteryear
47 How musicians play on a fast day
49 Little Boy Peep
51 What politicos should do less on the voter and more on their knees
52 Mr. Gloom
53 Kind of ad
54 Old-fashioned lower
55 State of France
56 Hepatica's gals
59 It marks the spot among Pennsylvania Dutch; Evil I

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 29

house. Leaving him a total of $4.06 to his name until the end of the month.

Yes, Rand was going to be horribly embarrassed to find the account overdrawn several hundred dollars. It amused me, thinking of Buster and him scurrying around, trying to cover that shortage.

The radio was giving the five o'clock news: "The death of Alicia Alexander, whose body was found this morning in a car which had plunged from a cliff near Santa Cruz into the sea, has been revealed as murder. In a joint statement by police and F.B.I., her killer has been named. He is the girl's fiancé, Albert Rand, Los Angeles bank messenger who murdered a bank guard and absconded with two million dollars in government bonds Wednesday morning.

"The statement by police and F.B.I. reconstructs the crime as follows: Late Thursday afternoon, Miss Alexander started for Palm Springs. It has been discovered that she received a phone call from San Francisco shortly before she left. It is presumed the call was from Rand.

"Instead of going to Palm Springs, Miss Alexander drove north to Santa Cruz. She phoned her father from a service station there, telling him she had arrived safely at Palm Springs. The girl was found dead this morning after her car had plunged off a cliff into the sea.

"The murder was carefully planned to appear as an accident. An examination of the girl's body brought the first suspicion of foul play. Her car was found to be in low gear with the hand throttle partly out. A man's shaving kit was found inside the car. It contained toilet articles and a heavy flashlight, all of which bore Rand's fingerprints. Strands of the girl's hair were found caught under the button of the flashlight. Police believe it was the murder weapon.

"Rand lured the girl to a rendezvous, obviously with the plan of using her help to make his escape from the vicinity. When she realized his true motive, she refused to become an accomplice. He knocked her unconscious, drove to the cliff, set the hand throttle, and leaped from the car. . . ."

I switched off the radio. More fingerprints. My fingerprints on the flashlight. I had now killed twice. Which of the three men, I wondered —Rand, Buster, or Bill Meadows—had actually murdered the girl. Probably it wasn't Rand. With that face he couldn't risk a trip to Santa Cruz. And last night Bill Meadows had been watching this apartment. Which left Buster. Unless there were others involved.

It had to be my pal Buster. He could do it. That round open face. Yes, Alicia Alexander would trust him. She'd go with him to where he said Rand was hiding out, unjustly accused.

I was calm and cool. The F.B.I. and all the police in California were barking up the wrong tree. I was the guy who knew the answers. It was my job to do what had to be done. I knew who the rats were.

I dialed the Lock Drug, one of our Tuesday accounts.

"Lock Drug. Mr. Lock speaking."

"Hello, Ned. This is Chick Graham. How are you?"

"Say, Chick, I've been reading about you."

"Don't believe all you see in the papers. Why I called, Ned, there's a man here in the office and I'm giving him a check. The banks are closed, and I wondered if you'd cash it as a personal favor to me."

"Sure, Chick. Send him along."

"Thanks a million, Ned. His name's Greene. C. Bramwell Greene. He'll be right over."

I walked to the Lock Drug and cashed the check, endorsing it with a stylized backhand. It was a quarter to six, too late to cash any more checks tonight. I'd do that in the morning. Meanwhile I was fixed for supper and a room, and I could air-mail money to Walt and Mary.

"Got a match, Chick?"

It was Bill Meadows. One hand idly fondled the pointed ears of a big Doberman pinscher which watched me alertly.

"I'm surprised at you, Chick, trying to cash a check." He glanced down at the big dog. "This is Tige. You know Tige? He's quite a dog. What I tell him is two words. I already told him one of them, so he's ready. When I say the other, he'll tear your throat out if you try to make a break. If you even move fast, he might jump you and nothing in the world will get him off until you're dead, except another word that just Tige and me know."

His cigarette gave a little flip toward a parked Ford. "Can I give you a lift?"

"No argument," I said.

We got in the car. The Doberman sprang into the back seat. I could feel its watchful eyes on the back of my neck. Meadows made a right turn, drove to Tenth and turned left into the 101.

"You've got a way with dogs," I said. "We bought that pup from you—Jiggs. There were two males in that litter. The dog that jumped me at the house the other night was that other male."

"Could be, Chick. You don't mind if I call you Chick?"

"Let's not be formal, Bill. You trained Jiggs' brother for Rand. Maybe you took the dog down to L. A. occasionally so Rand and the dog would know each other."

"You're pretty cute, Chick. But I'm surprised at you, trying to cash a check. Of course we notified everybody to give the office a ring if anybody tried to cash a check. When Lock called, Buster told him sure, go ahead and cash it. You slipped that time."

Bill Meadows seemed to be in the mellowly reminiscent mood of a man justly proud of a job well done. "Buster figured you'd probably get connected with the Davis girl, if you got to the city. We didn't see how the hell you'd do that, but yesterday afternoon it looked like you'd got out of Redwood City somehow, so I drove up and checked at the Davis place and, sure enough, you were there." He glanced back at the dog. "Can't fool old Tige, here. I had one of your socks for a scent, and Tige knew you was there, or had been."

"That telegram deal?"

He grinned. "It's old, but the old ones are the good ones. When they didn't let me in, I knew you were up there. Oh, boy, I'm glad this is over. Feel like I've been through a war, sleeping in the car all night. Next morning Buster was on deck to identify the Davis girl—you used to carry her picture in the army. The big guy with her had to be Walt. Buster tailed them, and I hung around the front door until somebody else came out and then I went in before the door closed. I worked the apartment latch with my pocket knife and the place was empty. How did you get out? The dog was on watch all night. Over the roof?"

"There's a skylight in the upper hall."

He reached back to pat the dog. "You couldn't of got past Tige any other way. No, sir. Well, I went through the joint and took a few let-

"Any other objections?"

LIBERTY

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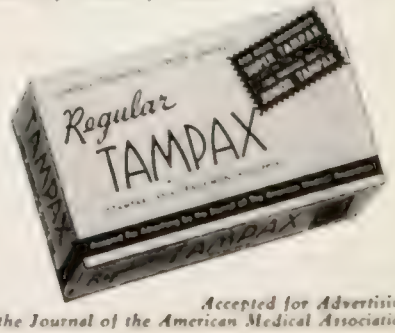

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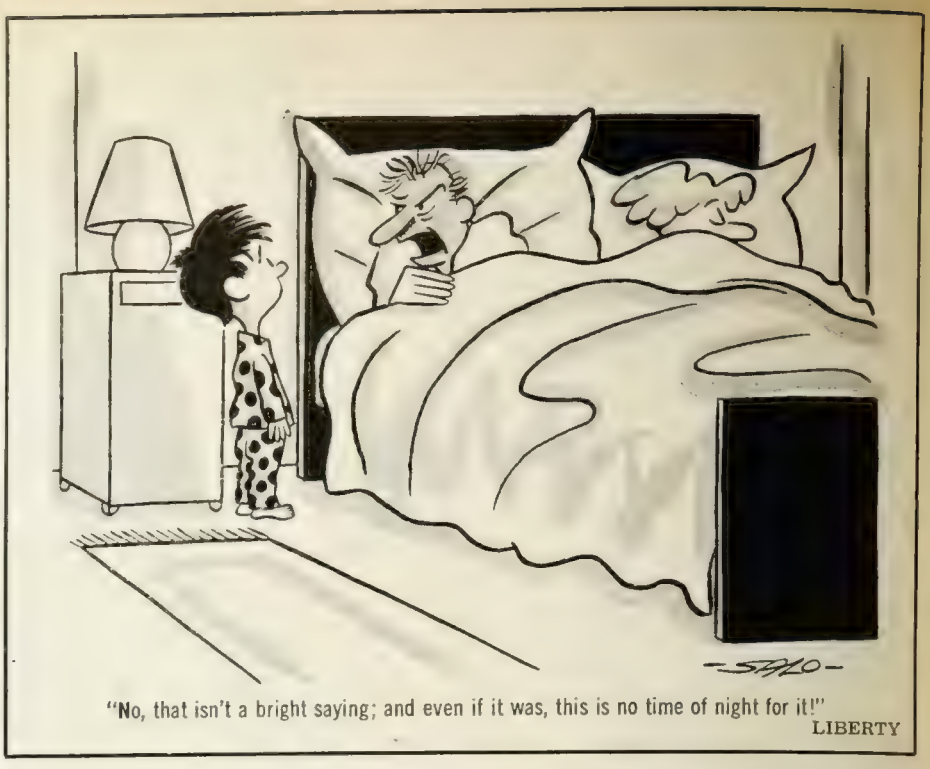

"No, that isn't a bright saying; and even if it was, this is no time of night for it!"
LIBERTY

ters and an address book for possible leads. Then Rand put me to watching the title insurance outfit where they worked. Buster had Mary and I had Walt."

It was his first mention of Rand. I picked it up. "I'd like to brain that Rand monkey."

He grinned. "There's a smart boy, Chick. It's a privilege to work with a guy like that. He's a smooth article."

"He might be too smooth for your own good."

"I can take care of myself."

"You're pretty sure of that."

"Could be I'm protected," he said. "What happened to my dog—Jiggs?"

"Your dog? Well, Chick, it was a shame, a fine dog like that. But we could hardly afford to have him around."

I called him a name.

He said, "He didn't suffer. A little cyanide gas in a box."

I called him another name.

He shook his head slowly. "After all that's hit you, what you get sore about is your dog. Not a word about that pretty bitch of a wife and her brother building you for the kill."

■ We were coming down the hill into South City. Bill parked at a bar fronting the highway. "Excuse me while I make a phone call." He went inside, leaving me in the car with the Doberman. In about ten minutes Bill came out with liquor on his breath mixed with peppermint. He drove through the underpass. Ahead to the left was the airport from which Walt and Mary had, I hoped, taken off before now.

Bill Meadows spoke musingly. "I know how you feel about Jiggs. I hated to do it, but Rand was standing over me. I'm that way myself about a dog. With a good dog what you've got is safer than any bank vault. You can depend on a dog. People, now— Well, it takes all kinds. The hard ones get along so good because the soft chumps are such easy picking."

"*Us* soft chumps?"

"Aw, I'm doing my share for peanuts."

"There's fifteen thousand reward. That's not peanuts."

He shook his head. "Ever hear of an accomplice? We're all in it together."

"One thing I can't figure," I said. "Wednesday night Rand had the cops on me. From then on he didn't want the cops to pick me up."

Bill Meadows said, "What are you worried about answers for? Who you going to tell them to?" And he lapsed into silence.

At Palo Alto he turned left. His place was on the flat near the bay, about two acres, surrounded by a high hedge. The dogs set up a clamor as we drove in. Bill had me wait, the Doberman at my heels, while he put feed in the pens.

When he'd tended the dogs, we went inside the house. The place was shabby. "Just a living," he said, noticing my look around. "That's why I'm in this deal."

I sat down. He went into the kitchen and came back with glasses. He poured drinks from a bottle he got from behind some books. "You'll be all right anywhere in the house, but don't try to go outside, and don't try to feed that dog. Here's how."

"Mud in your eye." The liquor was vile. "Why do you keep chows?"

"Chows? People buy chows. A lot of people like a dog that's not a pushover for anybody who pats him on the head."

"I'd hate to stumble in that chow pen when they're hungry."

Bill Meadows paused in the act of pouring himself another slug. "Would you?" He began pouring for me. "Say when."

I let him pour a stiff slug. I needed it.

■ The dogs out back began barking. Bill peered out the shade of a front window, then moved very fast. He hid the bottle behind the books and ran into the kitchen with the glasses. He came back chewing a peppermint, and tossed one to me. "It's the wife."

His wife came in and looked at me. She was a square-faced woman with a wide mouth and large teeth and a mop of frizzled copper hair. "This ain't him?"

"It's him. He's got poison oak."

"Thank goodness. Maybe now I can use the car once in a while."

A car drove in. A young couple wanted a pup. Bill went out to the kennels with them, and I asked the woman, "What's your end of this?"

"I want to get Bill out of the dog business. What I want, with a little capital we got a chance to buy into a highway spot—dinners and drinks. It's a gold mine."

"You're sure of getting this capital?"

Her large teeth flashed. "Oh, yes."

"And something for your old age maybe—if you have one."

Her square face hardened. "We're protected."

That was something to think about. Bill had said the same thing.

She fixed supper and we ate. About a half hour later the dogs set up a clamor as a car drove in. The Doberman watching me was unnatural. It had never made a sound. Buster and Ethelene came in. Buster gave me a searching glance and then averted his eyes.

Then he said, "How did you manage to get away from that cop the other night?"

"Leave him alone, Buster," Ethelene said. "You know how he feels."

"How do you think *I* feel? We knock ourselves on this deal. We eat it and sleep it. Hell, I can't hardly remember back far enough when we weren't working on this deal. And this dumb cluck talks himself away from the cop and gums it up!"

"If this dog wasn't sitting on my feet, I'd give you an idea how I feel," I said.

"Take it easy, boys," Bill Meadows said. "How about it, Bess?" he asked his wife. "This is an occasion."

"All right; but I'll fix them."

■ Bill went out with his wife, and Buster followed. Ethelene remained with me and the Doberman in the front room. She couldn't meet my eye.

"Why feel bad?" I said.

"I wish things could have been different," she said dully. "I ought to be glad what happens to you, the way you socked me in the belly this afternoon. But maybe I had it coming."

"Going to leave Buster, now you've got what you wanted?"

She shrugged. "It's not over. The thing has only started. It'll be years before they quit this case. They'll have you, but they won't have the bonds."

"I think you'll earn that money before you're through. None of you trusts one another. Each one is scheming how to doublecross the others."

"Once you're in it, there's no out," Ethelene said.

"How are you going to get rid of the bonds?"

"Let's not talk about it, Chick. Everything's foolproof. One foolproof thing leading to another."

The others came in, and Bill's wife served drinks. The Doberman, sleek and deadly, lay at my feet with one clipped ear cocked.

The dogs out back began barking. Cora and the man with my face arrived. "We went to a show," Cora said, "and slipped out during a heavy love scene. No, I'll keep it on," she told Bill's wife as the woman offered to take her coat. "I'm cold through. I don't think I'll ever warm up until the heat's off."

Buster laughed at this. Rand told him to shut up, and said, "You didn't come straight here," implying that Buster had better not have.

"Nobody followed us," Buster said.

"O.K. The cops have got to watch somebody. The heat won't be off until they get him." He indicated me. "What's wrong with him?"

"Poison oak," Bill Meadows said.

Rand asked me, "How long will it take you to look human?"

"I've got my pockets full of the leaves," I said. "I rub them on my face every day."

Rand said to Bill Meadows. "See he's taken care of. We've got to clear that up."

"Why?" I asked.

"You'll answer when somebody talks to you, pal," Rand advised.

I said, "You'd better treat me nice. Maybe I'll kill myself with my face like this."

"Chick!" Cora cried, looking at me directly for the first time.

"He won't do it," Rand said. Bill's wife brought in drinks for Rand and Cora. Rand gulped his, handed back the glass. "Straight the next time, Bess. He won't do it, because a man always hopes."

"You don't know what I'll do!" I yelled. "You've done this to me, and by God I'll get back at you!"

The man with my face ignored me. Buster said to him, "It's your own damned fault. We had him. I still think we made a mistake Wednesday night. He walked in, the deal was set, we had him. We should have let the dog keep on."

Rand turned on him with withering contempt. "And that's all out of you, you dumb fool. Don't you get it *yet?* People don't let a dog kill a man for no reason except that he walks into their house. You're still acting. *Live* the part. *I* am Chick Graham. *He* is Albert Rand. The plan was perfect, except he talked himself away from that dumb copper." Rand began pacing up and down the living room. "O.K., we've got him again. All we've got to do is sit on him until we're ready again."

■ "I'm for closing the deal tonight," Buster said. "As long as he's loose we don't know what the cops are digging into. We're sitting on a powder keg and I don't like it."

"Do you think *I* like it?" Rand snarled. "We've got to be sure, this time. One more dumb play and it's our necks."

"What's the difference what his face looks like?" Buster said. "Anybody can get poison oak. They'll identify his body by the fingerprints, and the heat's off us. And the quicker the better."

Rand raised his hands toward the ceiling in an imploring gesture of suffering despair. "I've got to argue, even! He wants to get in that San Quentin gas chamber, and I've got to beg him not to!"

Buster said, "But as long as he's alive—"

"I know, I know, I *know!*" Rand cried. "But it's not as easy as it was Wednesday night. Now he's had time

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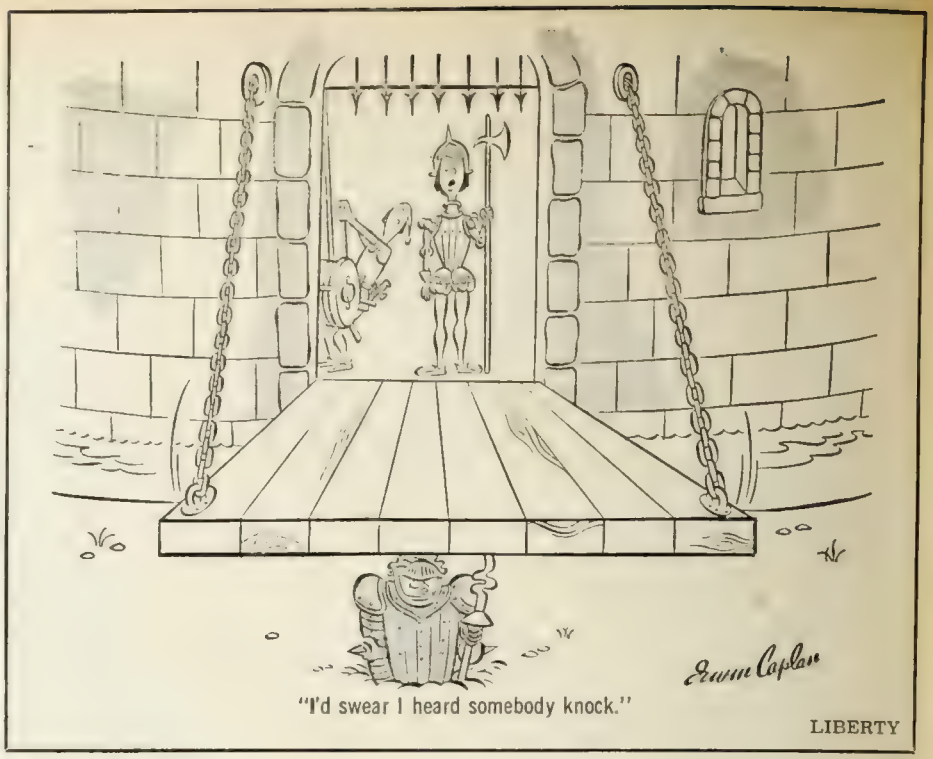

Erwin Caplan

"I'd swear I heard somebody knock."

LIBERTY

to think it out. Now he's had time to talk to people. If the police found his body tonight, what would happen? How long would it take Mary Davis and her brother to run to the cops and spill the whole thing?"

"O.K.," Buster said, "and what can they prove?"

"What can they prove! You give the cops a smell in the right direction and you'll find out! What have we been sitting on pins for since he got away Wednesday night? We've got to close the deal this time and button it up without any *doubt*."

He turned around then to me. "O.K., pal, where's the Davis girl and her brother?"

"That's your question."

"Like that, huh? . . . Buster, you'd better take the girls home. It looks like this monkey has got to be worked on."

■ Ethelene took Cora's arm and began moving to the door.

"And how smart is that?" Buster said. He was smoldering under Rand's contemptuous treatment. "You slipped out of a show to get here. Where are you supposed to be tonight if the cops call around at the house just to check, while you are here working on him?"

"We'll give him a little time to think it over," Rand admitted grudgingly. And to me: "Look, pal. Don't think you're not going to do what we want. You'll either do it nice, or you'll do it the hard way. Think it over. We'll see you again in the morning."

Buster was pleased at having made a point. "Let's go, Bert."

Rand stiffened. He turned slowly on Buster. "*What did you call me?*" He shoved his face close to Buster's. "*Bert!*" You called me Bert! You dumb idiot! One slip like that when the heat's on can queer the whole deal! Let's get out of here before I go nuts. Buster, you and Ethelene drive down to Mountain View, then cut across to El Camino and come up to the place and drop in. We were out earlier, so you took a drive down the Peninsula and stopped by on the way back. . . . You can handle him O.K., Bill?"

"Me and my helper," Bill Meadows said.

Cora said, "I'd like a word with Chick."

"Well?" Rand asked.

"I don't mean you."

"Oh, with *Chick*. What do you want to say to him?"

"That's my business."

Rand grabbed her arm. "And it's mine too, baby!"

Her chin came up. "Take your hands off me. I married the guy. We lived together. And I'm going to say good-by."

Rand smiled thinly. "O.K., baby, but make it snappy."

■ Bill Meadows and his wife went outside with the others. Cora looked at me, her eyes filled with tears.

"You're looking bad," I said. "You must be under a strain."

"Chick, if we had it to do over again—You're the swellest guy I ever knew. And I had to do it to you."

"I don't think your new husband will wear too well."

"Him?" Her lip curled. "I'll pull out when things settle down."

"Does two million dollars ever settle down?"

Fear showed in her eyes.

Rand poked his head in the front door. "Let's go. Kiss him good-by." He ducked out.

"I guess I won't see you again," Cora said.

"Good luck. You're going to need a lot of it."

"Oh, Chick, I don't—" Her voice broke and she began crying into her hands. Maybe I should have slugged her, but right then I couldn't feel too bitter about Cora. She was weak. She was helpless when it came to something she wanted. She'd done her best to be a good wife, and if her best wasn't too good, it was nothing to get sore about. And despite herself, she'd fallen in love with me. I patted her shoulder and let her bawl her flinty little heart out.

To be concluded in the next issue

MR. MUDGETT TO THE RESCUE

Continued from Page 13

"They're missing," Ken faltered.

"Cole," said Tasker, "do you realize that more than fifty thousand dollars was paid to the Olympic Manufacturing Company—a company that is nonexistent?"

"What are you going to do about it?" Ken's mouth was dry.

"Since Mr. Gibbs is away, I shall have to inform Mr. Weldon, the president. I'm afraid you'll have a lot of explaining to do."

"You surely don't think that I stole the money?"

"I'm convinced it was an inside job," declared Tasker. "Personally, Cole, you've always impressed me as being sort of a weak sister."

■ Ken was pawing through the files yet once more when a small elderly man walked in. He wore a gray suit, gray spats, and he carried a gold-handled cane. He face was touched with an other-world serenity, but the twinkle in his eyes made you think of a child about to tweak the tail of a sleeping cat.

"Professor Mudgett!" Ken shook his visitor's hand enthusiastically. "This *is* a surprise!"

"Please don't call me professor," said Mr. Mudgett. "It reminds me of my wasted years."

"Aren't you teaching any more?"

"No," said Mr. Mudgett simply. "I came to see if I could be of help."

"It's too late," said Ken morosely. "Tasker—that's the assistant general manager—thinks I stole the money."

"Did you?"

"Certainly not. I wrote you, sir, because I've always tried to follow your teachings. I still remember how you concluded your last lecture to the class: 'Find a good organization, get a job with it, work hard, and you'll go to the top.' "

Mr. Mudgett snorted. "By the way, do you have an organization chart of the company?"

"No. There isn't such a thing."

"It sounds to me as though Great Plains Petroleum could stand a bit of tightening up," said Mr. Mudgett. "I believe I'll speak to Gibbs, your general manager, about it."

"He left last week for South America."

"Ah. . . . Where do you live?"

"I have an apartment on Fifth Street."

"Good. I intend to stay with you for a while."

He put his hat and cane in the filing cabinet drawer, whirled around on Ken's swivel chair, then winked at Ken mischievously.

Ken wished he had never written that letter.

■ On the following Monday Ken received a coldly official message instructing him to report at once at the general manager's office. The ax was about to fall!

Ken paused for a moment before the door labeled HEBER GIBBS, took a deep breath, then entered, smiling rigidly. It wouldn't do to let Sandy Burke know how he felt.

Sandy was Mr. Gibbs' secretary, and she made an attractive office ornament. She was definitely not the type of girl for a serious-minded young man like Kennedy Cole, yet Ken knew he loved her the first day they met.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cole." Sandy drummed her fingers on the desk and made a face at him. "I thought we had a date Saturday night."

"A—er—relative of mine came into town, and I couldn't get away."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Gray," said Ken. "I've been tied up with him for four days."

"I think I'll go shopping for a new boy friend," she said. "Winton Tasker just asked me to go dancing with him tomorrow night."

"That louse." Ken glared toward the door that led to Gibbs' inner sanctum. "Is he in there now?"

She shook her head. "He left about an hour ago."

"Then who's in Gibbs' office?"

"Didn't you know?" She powdered her nose disinterestedly. "A man from one of the subsidiary companies. His name's Mudgett."

"Mu—Mudgett?" Ken seemed to have lost control of his lower jaw.

"He's awfully nice," said Sandy; "not wolfish, like Fatso Gibbs."

■ The intercom box on Sandy's desk spoke up. "Miss Burke," it said, "when Mr. Cole arrives, send him right in."

Ken recognized Mr. Mudgett's voice. He walked unsteadily toward the big green door.

"What on earth are you doing here?" Ken asked.

"Didn't the girl tell you?" asked Mr. Mudgett.

"She said you'd been transferred here from one of the subsidiary companies. Is that true?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Mudgett. "But I knew they'd never let me be general manager if I told them I was a professor of economics. So I became Andrew J. Mudgett, superintendent of the Southern Refining Company. I am internationally known as an efficiency expert, and I am here to make a study of this company's methods. The whole thing is thoroughly explained in a letter from Mr. Gibbs to Mr. Weldon, the president. I made an excellent duplication of Gibbs' signature, too."

"They'll find you out before the day's over," Ken said.

"I doubt it," said Mr. Mudgett. "Only the weak are suspect; authority is seldom challenged."

"I can't understand what's come over you," said Ken. "You don't act like the same person."

"That's because I'm not the same person," Mr. Mudgett told him. "The former Mudgett was a cringer, bound in the straitjacket of convention. A most uninteresting individual, something like yourself."

"You think I'm uninteresting?" said Ken stiffly.

"Not hopelessly so. My boy, it would do you a world of good to run barefooted through the grass."

"Run barefoot—"

Mr. Mudgett nodded. "Preferably on an early morning, in the dew, listening to the birds singing. Gives you a true sense of values."

"My sense of values tells me you have no right to be sitting here," Ken retorted. "If you don't get out, I'll report you."

"No you won't," said Mr. Mudgett. "I just had a long talk with Winton Tasker. He tells me that a Great Plains check for five thousand dollars was credited to your bank ac-

Liberty ★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT ALL-TIME FAVORITES

BY PAUL WHITEMAN

■ Tastes in popular music change with the trends of the times, but there are some songs that are never forgotten.

In the romantic department we find a new album of eight sides by Andy Russell with Dean Elliot's orchestra. Included are such favorite love songs as **Paradise, The Very Thought of You, Did I Remember?** and **Dearly Beloved.** (Capitol CD-68; list price, $4.)

Way back in 1927 I made a record with my band of a tune called **Mississippi Mud,** which was a big hit because of the trio vocal by the Rhythm Boys, which included an up-and-coming singer named Bing Crosby. Now the song has been recorded by another one of "my boys," Tommy Dorsey, with lyrics by Gordon Polk, and fine trombone work by T. D. himself. (Victor 2-2852; list price, 75 cents.)

Songs of Our Times—1924, the most popular songs of that year are re-presented in a new album by Bob Grant and his orchestra. This set has eight sides, all instrumentals, done in medley style with two or more tunes on each record. To mention just a few of the titles: **The Man I Love, When You and I Were Seventeen, Tea for Two, All Alone, What'll I Do?, June Brought the Roses,** and **Rose Marie.** (Decca 1924; list price, $3.75.)

A Ghost of a Chance, one of the all-time favorite torch songs, is being reissued by Cab Calloway and his orchestra, with a tenor saxophone chorus by the late Chu Berry. (Columbia 38171; list price, 75 cents.)

Ziggy Elman and his orchestra have recorded **My Reverie,** the song which was adapted from Claude Debussy's immortal Reverie. Ziggy offers an instrumental version, sparked by his excellent trumpet solo. (M-G-M 10179; list price, 60 cents.)

Here's another album of old-time hits: Busy Fingers, by the Three Suns. The tunes are **Doll Dance, Nola, Canadian Capers, Stumbling, Eccentric, Dizzy Fingers, Dancing Tambourine,** and **Wedding of the Painted Doll.** (Victor P-206; list price, $4.)

Personally, I guess my "never die" favorite will always be my theme, George Gershwin's **Rhapsody in Blue.** I recently recorded the complete composition on four sides. (Signature GP-1; list price, $3.50.)

count three weeks ago. It was one of the checks issued to the Olympic Manufacturing Company and countersigned by their controller, a mysterious Mr. Kaufman."

"But I didn't deposit it!"

"Your signature was below Kaufman's; it looked authentic."

Ken mopped his face with a handkerchief. "This is a frame-up," he said, "but I can't imagine who'd do it."

"Just leave the imagining to me," chuckled Mr. Mudgett.

As Ken left the office, Sandy Burke glanced up at him curiously. "What on earth's the matter?" she asked.

He stopped, stared squarely into her eyes. "Did you ever run through the grass barefoot?" he said.

She thought for a moment. "Only when the moon is full."

"Early morning is the best time," he told her.

"Ken—do you feel all right?"

"No," he said. "But I think I'll feel better as soon as I get a great big stiff drink under my belt. Want to join me?"

"Now? What would Mr. Mudgett say?"

"He'd probably give three rousing cheers. Come on."

■ When Ken woke up the next day, he was surprised to find that it was two o'clock in the afternoon. He wondered why he wasn't more perturbed about failing to be at the office on time.

Ken never thought he would propose to a girl on a roller coaster, but he had—going seventy miles an hour at a seventy-degree angle. The whole evening had been full of excitement,

"Help! Police! Bulb snatcher!"
LIBERTY

and one thing was clear: Sandy loved him.

He reached his office about three, shuffled a few papers, and then went to see Sandy. A grim lantern-jawed female was at Sandy's desk.

Ken strode past her and barged into the other room. Mr. Mudgett was talking on the phone. His feet were propped up on the desk, and he held an ivory cigarette holder.

"That was Sam on the line," he said, as he dropped the receiver.

"Who's Sam?" said Ken peevishly.

"Samuel Weldon, the president. We get along famously."

"I don't give a damn about that. What happened to Sandy?"

"Sandy? Oh, Miss Burke. I had her transferred to Tasker's office. That's one way to take revenge on him. The girl can't even spell."

Ken uttered a fierce honking sound and slammed the door behind him. Tasker's office was at the end of the corridor, and Tasker was sitting at his desk, grinning like a bull ape. Sandy was beside him, her note pad on the desk. But Ken noticed there was no writing on it.

"If it isn't old King Cole!" said Tasker. "You look kind of pale round the eyelashes. That's what comes of keeping late hours."

Ken's gaze was fixed on Sandy, but she refused to look up from the note pad. "You—told him of last night?"

Sandy glanced at him sullenly. "We've had a lot of fun together, but I didn't expect you to get serious the first time I went out and got a little tight. After all!"

"I'd like to talk with you privately."

"Tomorrow maybe." She looked at her wrist watch. "Winton and I have a cocktail engagement; then we're going dancing."

"Drop in any time," smirked Tasker. "Say, I took up the matter of those invoices with the new man. He seemed very interested."

Ken bit his lip. The urge to sock Tasker became stronger and stronger—but it wasn't strong enough.

When he reached the ground floor he was trembling, and his stomach churned like a turbine. He drifted into a bar, had a few drinks, but their effect was depressive. Finally he settled for a cup of coffee and went home.

Mr. Mudgett came in about eleven. "I had a very successful meeting tonight with the directors," he said. "They were enthusiastic about my reorganization plans."

Ken waggled his head. "I wish I had your nerve."

■ Ken soon realized that something cataclysmic was happening to the Great Plains Petroleum Company. Whole departments vanished, and the air rang with the agonized cries of junior executives trying to defend their empires. He sat in his office like a man in the vortex of a whirlpool, watching the human debris spin around him. It was frightening to think that he was the one who had caused the uproar.

Nothing could be done about it now. Mr. Mudgett had top management squarely behind him, and he was having more fun than Genghis Khan.

Ken had just come back from lunch when the phone rang. It was Mr. Mudgett, and there was a taut sound in his voice. "Kennedy," he said, "come up right away."

"Anything wrong?"

"Heber Gibbs is returning this afternoon."

Ken found Mr. Mudgett sitting on the sofa by the window. A tall man in a blue uniform stood before him.

"Hello, Kennedy," said Mr. Mudgett. "This is Morris."

"Just where can you get six apples for five cents?" LIBERTY

"Glad to know you," said Morris. "Hope I didn't get here too late."

"Too late for what?" asked Ken.

"Mr. Mudgett has a habit of doing very funny things," said Morris. "I traced him here through the financial news. When I read that the Great Plains Company was being reorganized, I said to myself, 'That must be Mr. Mudgett.' "

"I don't get it," frowned Ken.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Mudgett. "Morris wants to take me back to the sanitarium."

"The—what?"

"Happy Vale Sanitarium. It's a beautiful place."

Ken stood there making soundless movements with his mouth.

"You'll have to come along, sir," said Morris.

"Very well." Mr. Mudgett took his hat and cane from the closet. "But I wish you'd give me a few more hours."

"I can't," said Morris. "The superintendent—"

Mr. Mudgett raised his cane and smacked Morris squarely on top of the head with the heavy gold handle. Morris staggered, then sprawled.

"Quick. Give me a hand!" Mr. Mudgett lifted him by the armpits. "Put him in that closet!"

Ken obeyed. There was something about Mr. Mudgett that made you do things without thinking.

"There now." Mr. Mudgett closed the door and twisted the key. "I really hated to do it, but—"

"That's him—the little gray-haired guy."

Winton Tasker came in, accompanied by a fat rumpled man who had a dead cigar clenched between square teeth. It was Heber Gibbs.

Gibbs stared hard at Mr. Mudgett. His eyes bulged; the cigar trembled. "I—can't believe it—" he stammered.

"Just like I told you," said Tasker. "Cole's been defrauding the company of money, and he got Mudgett in to cover for him."

"You're a liar." Ken clenched his fists.

"Yeah?" grunted Tasker. "I sus-

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pected Mudgett was working with you when I discovered you both lived in the same apartment. So I cabled Mr. Gibbs and found out the truth about Mudgett, the crook."

The next thing Ken knew, he had punched Tasker squarely on the jaw. Tasker's head jerked back and he staggered against the wall. Ken hit him again, this time in the stomach. As Tasker bent the other way, Ken clipped him once more, knocking him to the floor.

"Gibbs—call the police!" Tasker gasped.

"I'll call someone else first." Mr. Mudgett pressed a buzzer.

The buzzer was answered by Sandy Burke.

"Did you get the information?" asked Mr. Mudgett.

She nodded; placed a manila envelope on the desk. "It took me all morning to bust into Tasker's filing cabinet. His bankbooks were in there—all under different names, and the combined deposits amount to about forty-five thousand dollars. I also found some blank invoices for the Olympic Manufacturing Company."

"Do you think a man in my position would stoop to steal fifty thousand dollars?" Tasker demanded.

"He might—if he owed a lot of money for gambling debts," said Sandy. "I knew where the money went when I watched you play roulette at the Peacock Club the other night."

"And I knew that you and Kaufman were the same person when I compared the check signatures with your handwriting," added Mr. Mudgett.

"Mr. Gibbs," said Tasker, "you don't believe this man, do you?"

"I do," said Gibbs. "When I was in college Professor Mudgett taught me practically everything I know about business. I have always respected his opinion."

"You—know him?" gulped Tasker. "But you said he took over your job without your permission!"

"Mr. Mudgett came here to help me," Ken spoke up. "I persuaded him to take Gibbs' place because I thought it was the only way we could find out who submitted those faked invoices."

"Thank you, my boy," Mr. Mudgett's eyes had that twinkle again.

"But why in heaven's name did you have to reorganize the company?" asked Gibbs.

"It needed it. And since that gusher came in down in Arkansas, the president is backing me more strongly than ever. I believe you advised him against buying that Arkansas land, didn't you, Heber?"

"Don't get me wrong," said Gibbs quickly. "I have complete faith in your judgment."

"I thought you would," said Mr. Mudgett. "In my opinion, you should appoint Kennedy Cole as assistant general manager. I notice that your former assistant just resigned."

Tasker was disappearing through the doorway.

"Let him go." Mr. Mudgett grabbed Ken by the arm. "The police will pick him up sooner or later. As I was saying, Kennedy is a true company man—a bit stodgy, but I think Miss Burke will cure that."

Ken reddened. Sandy was smirking at him. He walked over and shook her. She smirked some more, so he kissed her.

The closet door rattled. Mr. Mudgett unlocked it, and Morris came out, rubbing his head.

"I'm ready to go, Morris," said Mr. Mudgett cheerfully.

"Who's he?" asked Gibbs.

"My chauffeur," said Mr. Mudgett. "He suffers from agoraphobia. Spends most of his time in closets and other confined places."

"Sir, I hate to see you go." Ken shook his hand warmly. "You've done a lot for me—more than you may realize."

Mr. Mudgett winked. "I think you and Heber can carry on the good work without me."

"I can't imagine why Winton Tasker thought he could put something over on the Great Plains Petroleum Company," said Heber Gibbs. "He must be crazy!"

"It's possible," agreed Mr. Mudgett. "You can't be too careful about people nowadays." ■■

"When I asked you to describe her, I meant her height, weight, complexion."

LIBERTY

IN THE NEWSPAPERS

Continued from Page 25

here," she said. "Be too much talk."

"I'm sorry, but we can't use you any more," his boss said. He'd rather expected that. He'd find another job.

As a matter of fact, he had quite a bit of difficulty in finding a job. He'd apply for one and give his name.

"Herman Mantz—I've heard that name!" A long look then. "You're not the man who—?"

He thought about changing his name, decided against it.

After a period of worrying, he found a job. The firm didn't even connect him with the killing of Laura Turner, though he had thought his fame was world-wide. He didn't dare talk about it for fear of losing his job—and yet he wanted the people around him to know. He wished he could tell them.

Once more he was a nobody! Not so long ago reporters had crowded around him. Now nobody asked him anything! Nobody cared what he thought. He was unimportant because he *hadn't* murdered anyone.

It was lonely without Laura. More than that, it was lonely without publicity. He grew restless. On Saturday afternoons he wandered around listlessly, not knowing where to go.

"This is a hell of a place to work," he said to some of the men. "The boss looks like a turkey. Watch his neck swell when he gets mad! Look, I'll ask him a question—"

The men laughed only mildly. Before long, someone told the boss one of Herman's best remarks—and shortly after that he had no job.

He was out of work for three months. Three months of fear and humiliation. He felt inferior, beaten. When he did get a job, he didn't feel at all grateful about it. Why, he was Herman Mantz who had been on trial for killing Laura Turner!

"Do you know who I am?" he said to a man in his office one day.

"What do you mean, who you are?" asked the man.

"Well, I'm the Herman Mantz that was on trial for the Turner murder," he said.

"We thought you were the same man," the fellow said.

And only a few months ago people had wanted to know what he thought about things!

If he really were a murderer, people would pay attention to him. You bet they would! If he committed a murder, he'd be back in the newspapers. He'd be more important than he had ever been.

He milled it around in his mind—

■ He picked up Alida Scott as she was coming out of the department store where she worked. She was an odd little thing, with a quick nervous manner and a slight cast in one eye. Herman cared nothing for her.

He took Alida to the movies that night. She proved to be a silly little thing. Oh, what difference did that make! She'd do.

Alida lived in a roominghouse similar to the one he lived in.

It seemed different, now that he had a real girl in mind. Oh, why not? No one cared anything about him now.

If—if he killed Alida—

It wasn't that he wanted the actual pleasure of killing her. All he wanted was the result—a chance to get back into the newspapers—to be important.

The next night Herman took Alida to dinner and then to the movies. They had a number of drinks at a cheap bar.

"Can't I come up to your room?" he asked Alida.

"I'll see when we get back," said Alida. "If the landlady isn't up and around—"

■ He stood in front of the shabby old brownstone, waiting. A nobody, was he? Waiting for this horrible girl to find out if he could come in! Well, things would soon change.

"It's all right!" said Alida, appearing at the door.

He sat on the edge of the bed and put his arms around Alida. Made love to her. This was something he had to go through with! He tried not to think of the hours Laura had lain in his arms.

Alida said she was tired. He turned out the light. Soon Alida was asleep in his arms.

Herman rose quietly, put on his coat, his hat, his gloves. He could see clearly enough, because the street light filtered in. The windows were locked. He turned on the gas, was satisfied when he heard the hiss of it.

He closed the door softly after him and went down the stairs, got on a bus, rode to his own roominghouse.

In his room, he set the alarm clock automatically. He fell asleep immediately, and slept more peacefully than in a long time.

When the alarm awoke him, he washed, shaved, and left at his usual hour. Soon the police would discover Alida's body and remember immediately the resemblance to Laura Turner's death. They would connect him with it. Everything would be fine.

He ate a hurried drugstore breakfast, went to his job.

Well, he really was a murderer now! He'd get in the newspapers!

Every minute he expected to be arrested. No use giving himself up. Let them come to him! That was the important way!

Nothing happened all day.

He looked in the evening papers for a story about Alida Scott's death. He found nothing. Hadn't she died, after all? Maybe they hadn't found the body. Or, more than likely, they were still working on the case.

He felt important already. The same flow of emotions began to warm him. He held his head high. Wait until people found out!

He looked in the morning papers, expecting to find the story on the front page. It wasn't there! He turned the other pages indifferently. And then he found it! A small item on an inside page:

SUICIDE DISCOVERED BY LANDLADY

Alida Scott turned on the gas in her room at 891 West Seventy-third Street last night, Mrs. William Rogers, her landlady, smelled the escaping gas, discovered the body, and notified the police. Mrs. Rogers reported that Miss Scott had been despondent lately. She was twenty-six years old, an orphan, and came to New York several years ago from

IT WAS NIP AND TUCK FOR JACK UNTIL...
LET'S TRY THAT HIGH GROUND YONDER... WHAT'S THAT?
H-E-L-P!
JACK ROSS AND HIS GROUP OF STATE FORESTRY STUDENTS ARE LOOKING FOR A CAMPSITE AT THE END OF A DAY-LONG HIKE WHEN...
SIT TIGHT, MISS.
CHASE HIM AWAY!
HANK, LEND ME YOUR AIR PISTOL
WAIT 'TILL HE STARTS FOR ME, THEN RUN LIKE BLAZES!
DAD AND HIS NICE TAME BULL! IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG...
IT WAS NOTHING
SAY, MAYBE YOU KNOW A GOOD CAMPSITE
UNLESS YOUR MEAL'S TOO FAR ALONG, WE'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN US FOR SUPPER
SOUNDS WONDERFUL! WE CAN CLEAN UP IN A FEW MINUTES
ONE HOUR LATER
WOW! THIS BLADE PULLS!
TRY A THIN GILLETTE
SAY! I GO FOR THIS BLADE! NEVER ENJOYED A MORE REFRESHING SHAVE
THIN GILLETTES ARE MIGHTY POPULAR ON THE CAMPUS. THEY'RE REALLY KEEN AND LONG LASTING
SHUCKS, YOU LADS CAN CAMP THERE ANY TIME
GREAT! YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF US
I HOPE SO... YOU'RE MY IDEA OF A HANDSOME MAN
WHEN YOU'RE OUT TO GET FAST, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES... AND SAVE MONEY, TOO... USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING AND EASIEST-SHAVING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. WHAT'S MORE, THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T"... PROTECT YOU FROM THE SMART AND SCRAPE OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
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LIBERTY

Hammond, Indiana, according to Mrs. Rogers, who says the girl has no other relatives and had had few callers.

Why, this couldn't be the same girl! He had killed Alida Scott! And the police didn't even know! He'd have to give himself up.

He cut the story out of the newspaper and almost ran to the nearest police station. He put the clipping on the desk of the officer in charge. "Read this!" he said.

"Yeah, what about it?" the officer asked. He read the clipping.

"Well," said Herman, "I killed this girl."

"You did?" The officer was still calm.

"Yes, I did!" Herman's voice rose. "Don't you know who I am? I'm Herman Mantz. I was arrested for the murder of Laura Turner."

The officer disappeared. He returned with two more men in uniform.

"What's all this about?" said one of the men.

Herman repeated his story.

"You killed this girl? Not drinking, by any chance?"

"I haven't had a drop. You don't believe me—"

"Oh, we believe you all right."

They put him in a cell. He'd forgotten how lonely and dismal a cell could be. But things would move now. Stories. Interviews. Editorials.

Some other men came in and asked him questions. Silly questions. He tried to answer them as well as he could, already seeing them in the newspapers.

The men went away. Soon they were back, with a woman he had never seen.

"Ever see this woman?" they asked.

"No," said Herman Mantz.

"Ever see this man?" they asked the woman.

"No, sir, never saw him."

"Would it have been possible for him to have gone up into Alida Scott's room, stayed there with her?" they asked the woman.

"It would not have been possible!" she said. "I keep a decent place! That poor girl had a boy friend who used to come to see her every Wednesday and Sunday, but he gave her the air. That, in my opinion, is why she made away with herself. But even he never went into her room. I never saw this man in my life. I was home all evening, and I can guarantee he never went into Alida Scott's room."

"What was the number of the house where Alida lived?" an officer asked Herman.

Herman gave the number glibly. Hadn't he just read it in the newspaper? The others looked at one another and nodded.

"That number," said one, "is the number the newspaper used. It happens to be the wrong number."

Finally someone thrust half a dozen photographs into Herman's hands. Horrible photographs of girls who were obviously dead.

"Pick out the picture of Alida Scott," said the man, with deceptive gentleness.

Herman picked out a picture. It didn't look much like Alida, but it had a cast in one eye. Must be she!

The man who had given him the pictures laughed heartily.

"That girl's been dead three years," he said. "She was shot, anyhow—and we got the murderer." He turned to the others.

"Maybe the poor nut ought to be kept under observation for a while."

They took Herman to Bellevue then. There were examinations and more questions.

"All right," a nurse said finally. "Dress. You're on your way."

Another hospital. Queer shrieks at night. Nurses. And more questions and things to take.

He worked in the laundry. A hot, steamy room, full of dreadful creatures who didn't seem quite real. The work was horrible. The treatments were even more terrible. But before long he was free! And not a word in the newspapers!

"Go back to your job," they told him, "and stay away from police stations. Hundreds of suicides are

discovered every year. If you go around thinking you killed all of them, you'll be in a bad way."

So they didn't believe him, after all! He crept back to his rooming-house. His room was gone. His job was gone, too.

Over Herman there came a dead feeling of failure. What could he do now? How could he ever get into the newspapers again? He had killed a girl—and nothing had happened. He couldn't keep on killing.

If he committed suicide he'd get into the newspapers again. He went to the gas jet in his room. Turned it on—and quickly turned it off again. He knew he could never kill himself.

■ He found another job. The men in the office were unfriendly. Why, no one knew who he was! If they only knew, maybe they'd treat him differently.

He lunched with a bunch of the fellows at an impossible little lunchroom. No one paid any attention to him.

"I guess you don't know who I am," he said. He just couldn't help saying it. "I'm Herman Mantz who was tried for the murder of Laura Turner and acquitted. I didn't kill her. But I did murder Alida Scott—I bet you never even read about her—and they wouldn't believe I murdered her."

He wondered why the men shook their heads almost pityingly, and left him to himself.

His gait grew a bit unsteady; he wasn't quite so careful about his appearance. He spent all his spare money on drink. He could almost imagine, when he was drinking, that people listened, even believed him, when he told them who he was and what he had done. He avoided girls now, which was just as well.

Well, there must be something. If he could only think up a way—any way—so that he could get into the newspapers—be important again. ■ ■

WHAT I REALLY THINK OF HOLLYWOOD

Continued from Page 19

and it will be killed by the front office. Try to get five minutes of the Communist doctrine, five minutes of the party line, in every script. Get that into an expensive scene, a scene involving expensive stars, large sets or many extras, because then, even if it is discovered by the front office, the business manager of the unit, the very watchdog of the treasury, the very servant of capitalism, in order to keep the budget from going too high, will resist the elimination of that scene.

"If you can make the message come from the mouth of Gary Cooper or some other important star who is unaware of what he is saying, by the time it is discovered he is in New York and a great deal of expense will be involved in bringing him back and reshooting the scene."

Another way of slanting pictures was to omit story details favorable to the American way. The executives couldn't do anything about what they had never seen.

Communists got high-salaried jobs as screen writers and achieved great influence, if not at times actual control, in the Screen Writers Guild. At the same time a number wormed themselves into the actors' group, where they operated under instructions to interpret their roles in a way that would reflect on American institutions and ideas. The same Communist I have quoted told students at a Hollywood school for actors, "It is your duty to further the class struggle by your performance. If you are nothing more than an extra wearing white flannels on a country-club veranda, do your best to appear decadent; do your best to appear to be a snob; do your best to create class antagonism. If you are an extra on a tenement street, do your best to look downtrodden; do your best to look a victim of existing society."

Few sections of the motion-picture business have been exempt from Communist influence. Even the stage hands and other technical employees have become involved as a result of Communist efforts to seize control of their unions, according to testimony presented to the committee. In their disputes with the established American Federation of Labor unions for jurisdiction over technical employees, the Communists have precipitated a series of strikes, characterized by considerable violence and bloodshed. The leader of the disruptive faction threatened to make a "dust bowl" of the Walt Disney studio unless he was granted rights to bargain for the Disney technical corps. His handwriting on a Communist Party membership card, by the way, was verified recently by the F.B.I. over his denial that he belonged.

Working from the outside meanwhile, Communist-front pressure organizations such as Film Audiences for Democracy have attempted to keep the motion-picture companies from making, and the American public from attending, any movie unfavorable to the Communist cause. Sometimes the pressure is more direct, as in the case of a producer who was scared out of making a picture ridiculing conditions in Russia by threats that the upholstery would be cut in every theater showing it. Producers who thought of making any film reflecting on the Communists were given to understand the theaters would be picketed, emptied by stinkpots, and wrecked.

Once, at least, there was a joint attempt, from inside and outside the studio, to suppress a picture because the Communists thought it reflected on Thaddeus Stevens, whom they had held up throughout the South as an early patron saint of Communism.

■ Other reasons why the Communists have picked on Hollywood are the publicity and the hard cash to be gained there. Well-known actors and other film figures who are generous with the use of their names have given tremendous impetus to Communist campaigns such as aid for the Communists in Spain's civil war.

Big donations have also been forthcoming from high-salaried movie folk who, even if they opposed Communism, could often be duped into contributing to a Communist front or cause if it went under a name calculated to appeal to their social conscience.

The first hearings last October must have opened their eyes. They also had a wholesome effect in arousing public consciousness of conditions in the industry. Close to 5,000 letters of support were received by the committee from all parts of the country. In contrast, the propaganda efforts of the ten indicted men and their friends directed toward cutting the committee's expenditures, failed completely. On March 9 the House voted the committee $200,000, which is twice the amount of last year's appropriation.

The committee will question a number of other prominent motion-

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"You shouldn't have!"

LIBERTY

picture figures. If they refuse to co-operate, we shall have no alternative but to confront them with our evidence of their Communist Party membership and, if they refuse to answer, to cite them for contempt. Certain fellow travelers, of whom Hollywood has more than its quota, and who have been just as effective in behalf of Soviet movements as the card holders, will also be questioned. It may be that the hearings will be resumed before this reaches print.

The committee's right to ask questions concerning Communist Party membership, and to demand answers, has been confirmed by the U. S. Court of Appeals in another case. The committee's job is to bring out facts and recommend legislation. The first ten men were discharged by the industry, acting on its own initiative. Any action with regard to others who may be exposed will be up to the industry and to the public which pays the bills. The committee has no black list.

■ Through their fanatic energy, the Communists in the motion-picture industry have exerted an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. Fortunately the ratio of Reds to loyal workers is very small. An alert, aggressive stand on the part of the leaders of the industry, the rank and file, and the public should easily rid the film business of the subversive minority.

It may be that the committee will recommend a strengthening of the labor laws so as to assure the motion-picture guilds of freedom from Communist domination

One general measure which the committee proposes, however, will have considerable effect in Los Angeles. As drafted, this will force the registration of the Communist Party and groups which it controls or influences as "Communist-front organizations." The registration statements, to be filed annually, must give the names and addresses of officers and members, and an accounting for all funds received and spent.

The chief restraint which the bill places on a front's growth and on its influence over the unwitting is the provision that its propaganda must be branded as such. Any letter or publication to be distributed, and the envelopes or wrappers in which it is shipped, must be marked plainly as disseminated by a Communist front organization.

Members of fronts will be ineligible for federal jobs or to receive passports, under the bill's terms. The minimum fine for failure to register or for making false statements in a registration statement is $2,000. The Attorney General is authorized, after hearings and subject to appeal to the courts, to determine what organizations fall within the bill's terms. Such a law will remove one of the Communist Party's main sources of income and influence. It will cut the vast network of front groups which operate not only in wealthy Hollywood but throughout the United States. Such groups win support where the Communist Party under its own name would not be tolerated.

The country has a double stake in the continued world supremacy of the American motion-picture industry.

It is not only an important part of our economy, but it can be of great help in the present battle of the ideologies. The leaders in the industry are apparently awakening to the Communist menace, and the last thing Congress wants to do is to discourage them.

■ At our forthcoming hearings I hope we shall have the full co-operation of the industry as well as frank answers from any individuals who are called as witnesses. It is not against the law for them to belong to the Communist Party. If those about whom we have information have proof that they are not members, they will have a full opportunity to present it.

If they do belong, they should have the courage to stand up and say so to the American people. ■■

POETS ARE SOMETIMES PRACTICAL

Continued from Page 17

looking kid. Presentable." This crashing understatement hurt a little. "We've got to sell Miss Hastings. These gentlemen will brief you on the Home Helps campaign plans we've cooked up. You'll present 'em to Miss Hastings."

"Yes, sir," I gulped.

The "gentlemen" briefed me all right. At four fifteen they knocked off and helped me to my feet. I went to get my topcoat and Valentine Van Houten.

The poet looked a little out of place as we stood before the line of limousines down on the Plaza. We didn't know which car to get into.

"Let's pick the biggest," Van Houten said. I was amazed.

■ A tall bare-headed blonde stood in the middle of Elwell's enormous duplex. That combination of crimson lips, golden hair, and faint pink complexion can dominate anything! And she wore black.

"So that's the one about whom the planets revolve, muttering." That was Van Houten, at my elbow.

"Get yourself a drink, Oscar," I said, following a v.-p. to the center of the room. Did I say that October day offered promise? Hell, it offered a way of life! Before I got to the vision in black, Joe Elwell reached out and tagged me. He was standing with a plump little white-haired man.

"Mr. Hastings," Joe Elwell said, "may I introduce Alex Talbert."

The little man twinkled his blue eyes and shook my hand. "Glad to know you, son," he said. "You're the presentation executive, eh?" I'd never heard that title before, but it sounded nice.

I nodded.

"I was just telling Elwell," Hastings went on, gesturing with his cigar. "Everybody seems surprised that Barbara is my advertising director. She's an intelligent girl. Good cook. Going to make a fine home for some lucky man. She ought to know what sells a woman on an electric iron or a toaster." He cocked his head and looked up at me.

"It's a terrific technique, Mr. Hastings," I said.

So with Hastings on one side and Elwell on the other, I advanced. I don't usually think of marriage before I've actually met the girl, but I could really see myself settled with the beautiful Barbara—and in firm control of the Hastings Home Helps account.

She gave me a dazzling smile and her cool slender hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Talbert," she said in a clear soft voice.

Elwell was explaining to Barbara who I was and I just nodded foolishly and stared at her. Then we were alone.

"Let's find a quiet corner and sit down," I said.

We found a sofa, and a man served us cocktails.

"There's no immediacy about talking business, I hope, Miss Hastings," I said in my smoothest manner.

"Of course not." She laughed. "I'd just like to enjoy myself this afternoon."

Well, I thought, they introduced her to the right guy.

"Do you know New York very well?" I asked.

She shook her head and her wavy golden hair glistened.

"We don't get up here very often. Since I left college, I've been working for dad in Harrisburg."

"That's quite a job for a young lady."

"I studied advertising and home economics, hoping that dad could find some small job for me." She was young and beautiful, but there was also capability in her calm eyes and her firm chin.

"Perhaps you'll let me show you what the town's been up to lately," I offered. "Dinner, dancing, and getting by velvet ropes."

"I'd love to, Mr. Talbert," she smiled.

"Just call me Alex. Perhaps we can even get through a few preliminaries on the Home Helps account."

"I suppose you New York advertising men must have to spend a lot of time getting by velvet ropes, as you say. Doesn't it get tiring?"

I laughed easily. "It *was* getting tiring," I said, looking straight into her eyes. She blushed slightly and lowered her head. "But somehow this doesn't seem to come under the heading of business at all—Barbara."

Someone cleared his throat and I looked up into the dark intense face of Valentine Van Houten.

"Oh," I said, rising. "Miss Hastings, this is Mr. Van Houten, one of our copywriters. Miss Hastings, Van Houten."

"Elwell," he muttered out of the side of his mouth. I excused myself, leaving the poet on the sofa, and found Elwell in the kitchen sipping what must have been a triple Martini.

"Well?" he grunted.

"I'm taking her to dinner tonight, with a few night clubs on the side."

"What do you think, Talbert?"

"She's a knockout," I sighed.

"I'm not blind!" he rasped. "Is she going to be hard to sell?"

"I can't see any difficulties," I said, accenting the "I."

"I suppose you need some money." He handed me two hundred-dollar bills from his wallet. "Now get back out there and operate!"

Van Houten got up when he saw me coming, gave Barbara a courtly little bow, and drifted off.

"Sorry to have left you for so long," I apologized.

"That's all right," Barbara smiled. "Mr. Van Houten and I found we had a mutual friend."

"Oh," I said. "He's a poet, you know."

Barbara laughed. "You make it sound like a disease. They do tend to be impractical," she went on. "Mr. Van Houten won't be assigned to the Home Helps account, will he?"

"Absolutely not," I assured her.

■ Joe Elwell's two hundred dollars came in handy. Barbara had molded herself into a strapless evening gown, and I would have been ashamed to take her any place where the coffee cost less than half a buck. The headwaiters responded to her dazzle magnificently. Of course they weren't sad at having me for an attraction, either.

After dinner we taxied over to a swank box and ensconced ourselves for the evening. Barbara seemed to be enjoying herself.

"I guess you feel as natural here as you do in your office," she said with a roguish smile.

"I'm hardly ever in my office, Barbara. I find it too confining."

"Where do you get your ideas? In bars?"

I laughed. "Sometimes. But usually I just take a walk up Fifth and stop in at the Modern Museum or the Metropolitan. The culture of ages gone by is soothing, and at the same time stimulating." Barbara nodded gravely, her red lips pouting a little.

"We don't have much of the culture of ages gone by in Harrisburg," she said sadly.

"I can see you in New York," I said softly, almost whispering, "finding the world you've longed for since you left college. A scintillating, satisfying world."

She nodded her head slowly to the rhythm of my words. "All those romantic books I read," she said in a low voice. "It seems I'll never know whether they were true or not."

"They're true, Barbara," I said wisely. "I know. I came here to New York to find a world."

"And did you, Alex?"

"Yes," I said with a sigh, stirring my drink absently. "But you can't do it alone, you know." I looked straight into her misty eyes and she smiled tenderly.

■ That was enough indoctrination for that night, I figured. We got up and danced, and I steered the subject to the Home Helps account. When we sat down, I went into an easy routine on the campaign ideas.

Barbara's eyes were clear and thoughtful as I explained the virtues of each appeal. They followed my every gesture and responded to the inflections with which I emphasized salient points. She had a little leather pad and every now and then she would scrawl a note in it with a gold pencil.

"I hope I haven't confused you," I said when I finished, and lifted my bourbon-water for a deep draft.

"No, you've presented it very well, Alex."

"Any immediate responses?" I asked.

"Mmmm," she hummed pensively. "They all seem like very sound plans for advertising Home Helps. You don't think they're *too* sound?" she asked in a small voice. "I mean too brisk, too businesslike to sell home gadgets to women?"

I could see right then and there that her best bet was to marry me and leave advertising alone.

"You want my—professional opinion, Barbara?" I was restrained.

"Yes, of course, Alex." She nodded eagerly.

"I don't think those plans are *too* sound, too businesslike." I started a stock oration on emancipated women. "Modern women—"

"You're probably right, Alex," she interrupted me. "It was very silly of me to say that."

"Not at all," I said grandly. "We thrive on objections."

It was about 3 A.M. when I took her to her hotel.

"How about a soothing half hour or so at the Modern Museum tomorrow afternoon," I asked, "preceded by luncheon?"

"I'd love to, Alex"—she smiled

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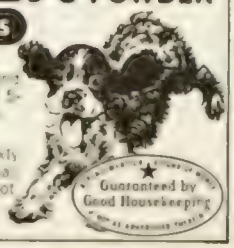

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sweetly—"but I've got a luncheon date tomorrow. I'm coming to your offices at four, so I'll see you then. Good night. It's been a glorious evening."

I relaxed in a cab and smiled. Father, I could hear her say, that Alex Talbert is quite a boy. . . . The dawn was still a couple of hours away, but my world was rosy.

I got to the office at ten the next morning, gave a glowingly restrained report to Joe Elwell, and received a pat on the back. Then I went to my cubicle and found Valentine Van Houten paring his fingernails. His hair was combed and he looked almost normal.

"You're looking pretty sharp," I said.

He grinned. "I guess that's quite a compliment, coming from you, Alex. I'm having lunch with Miss Hastings."

I sat down hard. But before he could see my surprise, I began fussing with the papers on my desk. "That's nice."

"One of her instructors at college is a good friend of mine."

"Uh-huh."

"I thought I'd do it as part of the agency's general effort." He said it as though he meant it. "She scares me a little, though."

"She's a very beautiful girl," I admitted.

"Oh, it's not that. These career girls always scare me. All they think about is business. No real brains. I'd like to call the whole thing off, but I don't think I'd better."

"No, it wouldn't be politic. Besides, you can do the agency a great service, as you said."

"Anything specific, Alex?" he asked.

"Well, Barbara seems to have a slight suspicion that our plans for Home Helps are too businesslike for a female audience. You can put in a plug for the plans, Van Houten."

"Sure, I'll be glad to." His dark eyes were sincere. "I still wish I hadn't gotten into this thing."

I sat back and smiled. It was really a pretty good development. In spite of Barbara's low estimate of business-men poets, Van Houten's plug wouldn't do any harm.

■ Elwell, two of the vice-presidents, and I were invited up to Hastings' hotel suite for luncheon.

"She's having lunch with whom?" Elwell grunted when I told him about Van Houten.

"He works on the perfume account," I explained. "He's something of a poet and when *he* tells her our planning isn't too cut and dried, she'll really sign up."

"You've really worked out the psychology of the deal, eh, Talbert?"

I smiled modestly.

The phone rang about two thirty, when we were dawdling over our coffee. Hastings took it in the bedroom.

Hastings came out of the bedroom with a big grin on his pink face.

"That was Barbara," he said. "She's picked the campaign."

There were shouts of "Great!" "Swell!"

"A, B, or C?" Joe Elwell asked, referring to the three campaigns.

"Didn't say. She'll be up here in half an hour. Looks like you did a good selling job, Mr. Talbert." Hastings beamed at me. I tried to look modest under the rain of happy stares from the vice-presidents.

My heart was doing a rumba beat when Barbara came in, trailed by Van Houten. She was radiant.

"Hello, Alex." She smiled sweetly and shook my hand first.

Barbara sat down and lit a cigarette from one of the six matches offered her. An expectant silence fell.

"Val and I had luncheon together," Barbara said, settling back on the sofa.

I looked at "Val." He had slumped easily into a chair.

"He helped me make my mind up about the advertising campaign. I told Alex last night that your plans seemed a little too businesslike. But Val didn't think so at all."

"No," Van Houten said, shaking his head. A good guy, Van Houten.

"Go out and get me a middle C."

LIBERTY

"And, after all, as a poet," Barbara went on, "I think he knows a lot about the human touch and basic appeals, don't you?"

We all nodded in agreement.

"But, just for fun, I asked Val to forget the three plans and tell me how he'd advertise Home Helps." We all looked at Van Houten, our faces slack. "And Val came up with a great approach!" There was a stunned silence. Then Joe Elwell made the recovery.

"Val's one of our best men," he boomed. "What's the angle, son?"

"Uh," he hesitated, "I think Barbara can explain it better."

"It's simple!" Barbara cried exuberantly. "Jingles! Just homey little bits of doggerel on Home Helps appliances. People read them and get interested. Read one, Val."

"Val" took a sheaf of papers from his coat pocket and read in his languid voice:

"Home Helps irons
Iron twice as fast.
They smooth all fabrics
And make them last."

Everybody in the room wore a beatific smile, as though listening to Dante reading the Fifth Canto.

"Home Helps toasters
Toast just right:
Toast the way you want it,
Dark or light."

"They're great!" Joe Elwell shouted. "They're simple! They're homey! They're stoppers!"

"O.K. by me," said Osborn Hastings; "just so you get some strong selling copy in some place."

"I guess poets can be practical, after all," Barbara said, for no ostensible reason. She looked at Van Houten admiringly. And Van Houten's manner was almost urbane.

"That's not poetry," he said.

"You write those on the spur of the moment, Van Houten?" I said shortly.

"When you and McKay were talking about the account yesterday," he answered. "You remember, when you told him—"

"We'll light right into it!" Elwell paced up and down, pounding his fist against his palm.

"You do that," Osborn Hastings said. "I'm going to take these two kids out and buy 'em a slice of the town." I guess he did, too, because Van Houten didn't show up until the next afternoon.

"I hope I didn't put you in a bad light, Alex," he said.

"Not at all," I assured him halfheartedly. "But you'd better watch out or you'll get ahead in this game."

"Barbara thinks I can do it," he said. "You know, she's not a career girl after all."

"She doesn't have to be, with you around, Van Houten." But I don't think he heard me. He was gazing out the window.

■ Van Houten has a cubicle all of his own now. He still writes poetry, but you wouldn't suspect it from looking at him. And I see Barbara quite often. Yes, when Mrs. Van Houten breezes down the corridor to pick up her poet, she always has a cheery word for me. Not about Home Helps, either. She's all out for the artistic life now. ■■

ARE AMERICANS AFRAID TO FIGHT?

Continued from Page 11

Just prior to our entry into the second World War, Senator Warren R. Austin of Vermont, now our representative on the United Nations Council, declared in the Senate: "There are many things worse than war. A world enslaved by Hitler is much worse than war; it is worse than death. And a country whose boys will not go out and fight to save Christianity and the principles of freedom—well, you won't find such boys in America!"

These were inspiring but extravagant words. As a matter of fact there were at least *four million* physically sound, fighting-age Americans who either wouldn't or couldn't fight to save the world from Hitler; and if there is a third World War the number is likely to be much higher.

This minimum figure of four million is a matter of record and of expert opinion, and it is reached by totaling the number of men in the various categories who successfully evaded combat.

During the second World War approximately 38,000 officers and men —about 10 per cent were officers— were tried by army general courts-martial for seeking to evade hazardous duty by some dishonorable means. These do not include the psychoneurotic millions; they do not include the thousands of men who evaded combat by methods accepted as honorable; nor do they include the drunken-spree A.W.O.L.s which were handled by lesser courts-martial. Generally they do not include first A.W.O.L. offenders. These 38,000 are the legally sound-minded individuals who were willing to commit grave offenses to avoid combat.

■ Here is a typical case from this group. The name is fictitious; the case is actual, taken from the files of the Judge Advocate General.

Near midnight on March 16, 1944, Lieutenant Geoffrey Johnson was sitting in a dugout on a mountainside in Italy. He had just replaced a soldier who had died that day. Johnson was fresh; every other officer in the company was exhausted. Over the field telephone came an order: Lieutenant Johnson was to take a five-man patrol and reconnoiter the enemy positions.

Johnson began buckling on his gear. His sergeant called up the five men. Then Johnson sat down. "I can't go," he said. "They can court-martial me, but I can't go."

"Like hell you can't!" the sergeant said. "How'll we keep these men in the line if they see you turn yellow?"

"I don't know," Johnson replied. "I just know I can't go. Tell 'em to come and get me."

The sergeant reported the refusal to the captain; M.P.s arrested Johnson, and another very tired officer came up and took out the patrol. The division psychiatrist found Johnson "normal and completely responsible for his actions." Then Johnson faced his division commander.

"Johnson," the general asked, "if you had known that you would be shot for this, you could have taken that patrol out, couldn't you?"

"I don't know," Johnson answered. "But I know that I won't be shot.

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You can send me to detention, but you can't harm me; and as soon as the war is over I'll be let out, nobody'll blame me, and I'll be alive."

Lieutenant Johnson was tried by a general court-martial and sentenced to death under the 75th Article of War. But, of course, the sentence was never carried out. It was reduced by each successive reviewing authority until it became five years' imprisonment. The war ended; there was a wave of criticism of the "vicious army court-martial system," and the senator from Johnson's state was able to get him released.

Johnson has now resumed all the advantages of his American citizenship, and *he is attending a dental college at the expense of the American taxpayers.*

Commenting on a case such as this, a high-ranking officer of the army declared: ". . . military service is repugnant to such a large majority of our people that their sympathy and protection are immediately extended to anyone unable or unwilling to endure its demands."

Of the 38,000 offenders like Lieutenant Johnson, about 2,000 were sentenced to death by the general courts-martial; and the remainder were given prison sentences of from ten years to life. The division commanders generally publicized the death sentences for possible deterrent value; but the deterrent value was small, because every soldier, like Johnson, knew that "the folks at home won't allow a man to be shot for not fighting." And this proved correct. Of the 2,000 sentenced to be shot, only *one* actually was shot.

The story of this one execution is an intriguing story of how General Eisenhower was finally persuaded to make an example of one man, and of how fate selected the one particular victim.

The deserter who lost in the lottery, even though the odds were 2,000 to 1 in his favor, was a 25-year-old white man—call him Lewis Simpson—a replacement in the 28th Division, the Keystone Division, a National Guard division from Pennsylvania.

On the bare record, Simpson's case appears to be little different from thousands of others. He was determined not to risk himself under fire, and when he joined the division in the line he promptly ran off. Returned to the line, reprimanded and warned, he declared that he didn't intend to fight. When he ran off again, he was picked up and tried,

"Did you say they were expecting us?"
LIBERTY

sentenced to death, and his papers went directly from the division commander to General Eisenhower. To the surprise of everybody concerned—Simpson most of all—the Supreme Commander approved the sentence and ordered him shot. He was executed in January, 1945.

Just why the lot fell on Simpson is a matter which perhaps General Eisenhower will explain in his memoirs. But these facts may explain it:

The execution occurred during the Battle of the Bulge, when the desertion rate had become alarmingly high.

The 28th Division was not one of our more distinguished divisions. It was given a new commanding officer, Major General Norman D. Cota, formerly with the crack 29th and First divisions. General Cota may have been the man who persuaded General Eisenhower that an example was needed.

On the other hand, the persuading could have been done by General Ben Lear, the old cavalryman of "yoohoo" fame, who had been dispatched to Europe to take over certain administrative duties under Eisenhower and who was known to favor firmer handling of deserters.

In any case, the final responsibility was Eisenhower's; and, of all the deserters who betrayed the American flag during the second World War, only Private Simpson actually was shot.

The question here is this: If there must be a third World War, what policy do the American people want their army to follow in dealing with sound-minded, sound-bodied American soldiers who refuse to fight?

During the second World War there was no policy. Our military leaders were constantly warned that the American people would not tolerate either the death sentence or any form of corporal punishment. As soon as the war ended there was a wave of sympathy for all the "victims of the ruthless army court-martial system." Two Congressional committees expressed "shock" upon learning that men were given long prison sentences for "simply going

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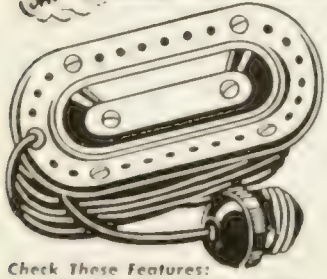

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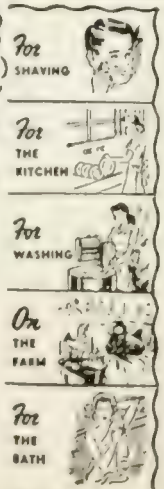

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A.W.O.L." A third Congressional committee proposes to allow all men who went A.W.O.L. and thus lost their service insurance to redeem this insurance.

To all of this our military leaders have only one answer: If a sound-bodied, sound-minded American soldier who deserts his comrades on the eve of battle deserves only comfortable detention, subsequent pardon, and a college education under the G.I. Bill of Rights, then why should any man ever again risk death in combat for this country?

An estimated 4,000 officers and men evaded combat by deliberately wounding themselves. Only about 500 of these were brought to trial. But most of those who could not be brought to trial for lack of evidence were guilty. Too many of them were shot in the *left* foot when their carbines discharged "accidentally" on the night their divisions were moving into the line. One of these casualties, described by his captain as always a dead beat, got the Purple Heart and is now going to New York University under the G.I. Bill.

But by far the largest number of our men who lacked the will to fight were those who were excused from combat by the psychiatrists. The psychiatrists began excusing men in the induction process. They rejected 1,750,000 men for "reasons other than physical." Thus they rejected one out of every eight men they examined. In the combat divisions the psychiatrists excused as many as 250 men per thousand per year. No other army in the war even approached this rate.

The psychiatric records of one division which was in the line a long time are accepted as typical. During one combat year 3,000 men of this division were examined by the psychiatrist. Of these 3,000, one thousand had run away or committed other acts of cowardice; and concerning these 1,000 the psychiatrist reached these conclusions:

"Sixty-three per cent of these 'cowards' are normal individuals in that they suffer from no psychiatric disease. . . . The next largest group among the cowards—22 per cent—are the 'mama's boys.' These men are slightly more nervous than the average, but they are not so nervous that they can be absolved of responsibility. . . ."

It is believed that about 5 per cent of all the men who reached the army combat divisions were mama's boys. In wartime they are threats to the safety of their country as well as to their "teams."

"Twelve per cent of the cowards," the report declares, "were constitutional psychopaths—the men who had been in conflict with authority all their lives, the hooky players, the drunkards. . . . The remaining three per cent of the soldiers who ran away were found to be mentally sick men; and these were promptly evacuated and treated."

The division psychiatrist concluded his report with this warning: "From the psychological point of view leniency toward these men will not pay."

The conflict between the line officers of the army and the psychiatrists over the excusing of "nervous" men from combat was, of course, dramatized by General Patton and his slapping incident. What roiled General Patton and the other line officers was not that men who were really sick were being evacuated, but that by "abolishing cowardice" the psychiatrists had tended to relieve all Americans of the individual responsibility to fight.

If a soldier who turned tail and ran was not a coward but only an innocent victim of the arrangement of his chromosomes, then why shouldn't everybody run? And if a soldier who got "nervous in the service" deserved only hospitalization, a disability discharge, and a pension, then why shouldn't every American soldier develop headaches, backaches, and extreme nervousness?

To try to resolve this conflict between the line and the psychiatrists and to seek a common-sense explanation for the great psychiatric exodus from the army, General Marshall created a special investigating committee of psychiatrists accompanied by a line officer, Brigadier General Elliot D. Cooke of the office of the Inspector General. General Cooke's report to the Chief of Staff is embodied in his book, All But Me and Thee. His most interesting conclusions are these:

That 80 to 90 per cent of the "psychos" who were discharged from the army never went overseas at all; and,

That these men were made sick principally—not by combat, but just by *being in the army!* They "worried" so much about being in the army that they became nervous; the nervousness upset some function in their bodies, and they became really sick, and,

That this sickness—in 99 per cent of the cases—was immediately cured by an army discharge and a disability pension.

The general points out that about 30 per cent of all the men now receiving disability payments from the government are these psychos who never heard a shot fired in anger, who were released in their own custody, and who are in need of no further medical treatment.

In all, it seems that no less than three million sound-bodied, fighting-age Americans proved psychologically unfit to serve their country in the second World War. More than a million of these—though of no value to the army—are now drawing benefits under the G.I. Bill; and at least 200,000 of them are pensioners.

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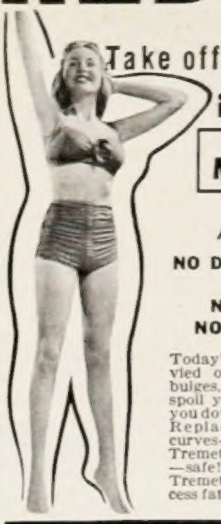

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There is still more to the coward story. Eighteen thousand able-bodied Americans evaded combat as conscientious objectors.

The desertion figures are by no means complete. The record shows that during the second World War American Negroes did excellent work on the Ledo Road; they made smart and creditable military policemen; there were a few capable Negro pilots; and there were several excellent Negro artillery battalions. But the Negro as a front-line rifleman was not impressive.

There are some who blame all this on segregation and insist that if segregation were ended in the army the Negro would make a dependable front-line soldier. Yet the Nisei, too, were segregated, and they fought gallantly, without a single desertion.

So when the psychos and the cowards and the dead beats and the don't-give-a-damners are all added together, it seems conservative to say that *at least four million* able-bodied, fighting-age Americans proved unwilling or unable to fight for their country during World War II.

How, then, did we manage to win the second World War? The answer, of course, is in the heroic story of the war which already has been told. We won with our machines; and we won because we had a Gideon's Band of Americans who still possessed an indomitable will to fight. But what needs to be understood is that this Gideon's Band was dangerously small, and it was found and arrayed against the enemy only after a long and elaborate process of selection.

Our real defense problem, then, is this:

A third World War, if it comes, will be characterized by greater mental confusion than existed during the second World War. We are likely to have more cowards, more deserters, more psychos, more mama's boys, more Ferdinands. Our racial minorities are likely to be even less dependable.

How, then, can we safeguard America? What can we do to motivate our young men so that they will be more willing to fight? How can we encourage their combative tendencies?

The answers to these questions cannot be supplied by Washington; they can be supplied only by the people of the United States. ■■

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It is said that Catholics want religious freedom only for themselves . . . that they oppose public schools and separation of Church and State as evils which should be destroyed.

The claim is made that Catholics pay the priest for forgiveness of their sins . . . that they must buy their departed relatives and friends out of Purgatory . . . that they adore statues . . . are forbidden to read the Bible . . . use medals, candles and holy water as sure-fire protection against the loss of a job, lightning or being run down by an automobile.

But what is worse, some say, Catholics corrupt the true teachings of Jesus Christ with the addition of pagan superstitions and practices that are nothing less than the inventions of the devil.

If all these things — or any of them — were true, it would be a pity. For at least one out of every six Americans is a Catholic — and it would be a national tragedy if one-sixth of all Americans entertained such erroneous ideas.

The Knights of Columbus is an organization of 700,000 Catholic men of reason and intelligence. In our ranks will be found statesmen, scientists, historians, physicians, movie stars, lawyers, educators and others representing every cross-section of American life. And for each and all of them loyalty to the Catholic Faith is the act of a reasonable man.

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MAKER OF SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Continued from Page 23

go out alone, but always with a strong swimmer. Even then, avoid strange waters that may surge with treacherous backwashes.

3. Don't overdo. Build up your strength gradually over a period of days or weeks. Showing off for your girl friend may turn into a performance witnessed only by Davy Jones.

4. In trouble, keep calm. A person in panic is rigid, heavy, sinkable. Take your time, drift and rest. Sakamoto believes that the average good swimmer can stay afloat longer than he can keep steadily walking on dry land. Even the inexperienced swimmer, if he relaxes, can usually float until help arrives. Don't swim frantically away from a boat just because it has capsized. It is safer to hold on to it until the rescuers appear.

5. If your legs become cramped, bend forward sharply from the waist to work on the muscles even if your face dips under the water. Curl your toes up and knead the pain areas until the kinks disappear. If you cannot move your legs, scull forward with your hands and arms.

6. If you get caught in a strong current or undertow, never fight it. Let yourself go with the flow until it is spent, then strike out diagonally toward the shore.

7. Don't knock out a drowning man and try to pull him in by the hair of his head. Instead, look for a life preserver, pole, board—anything that will float—and throw it to him, or take it out yourself. He can use it as a buoy until more help arrives. ■■

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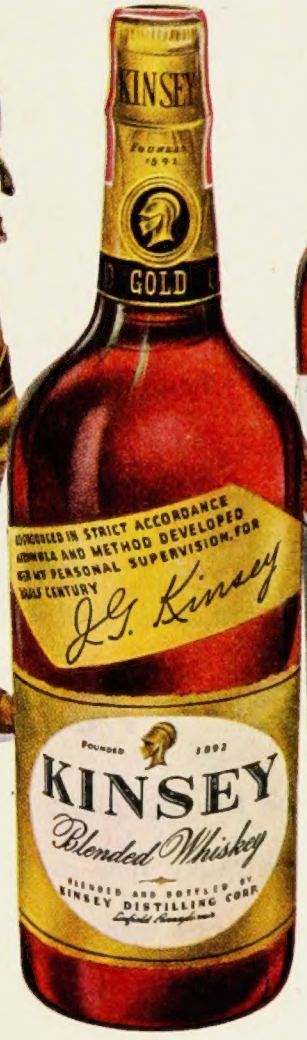

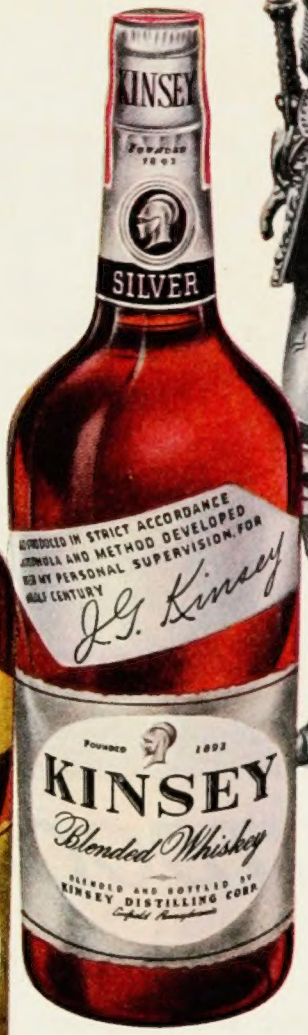

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